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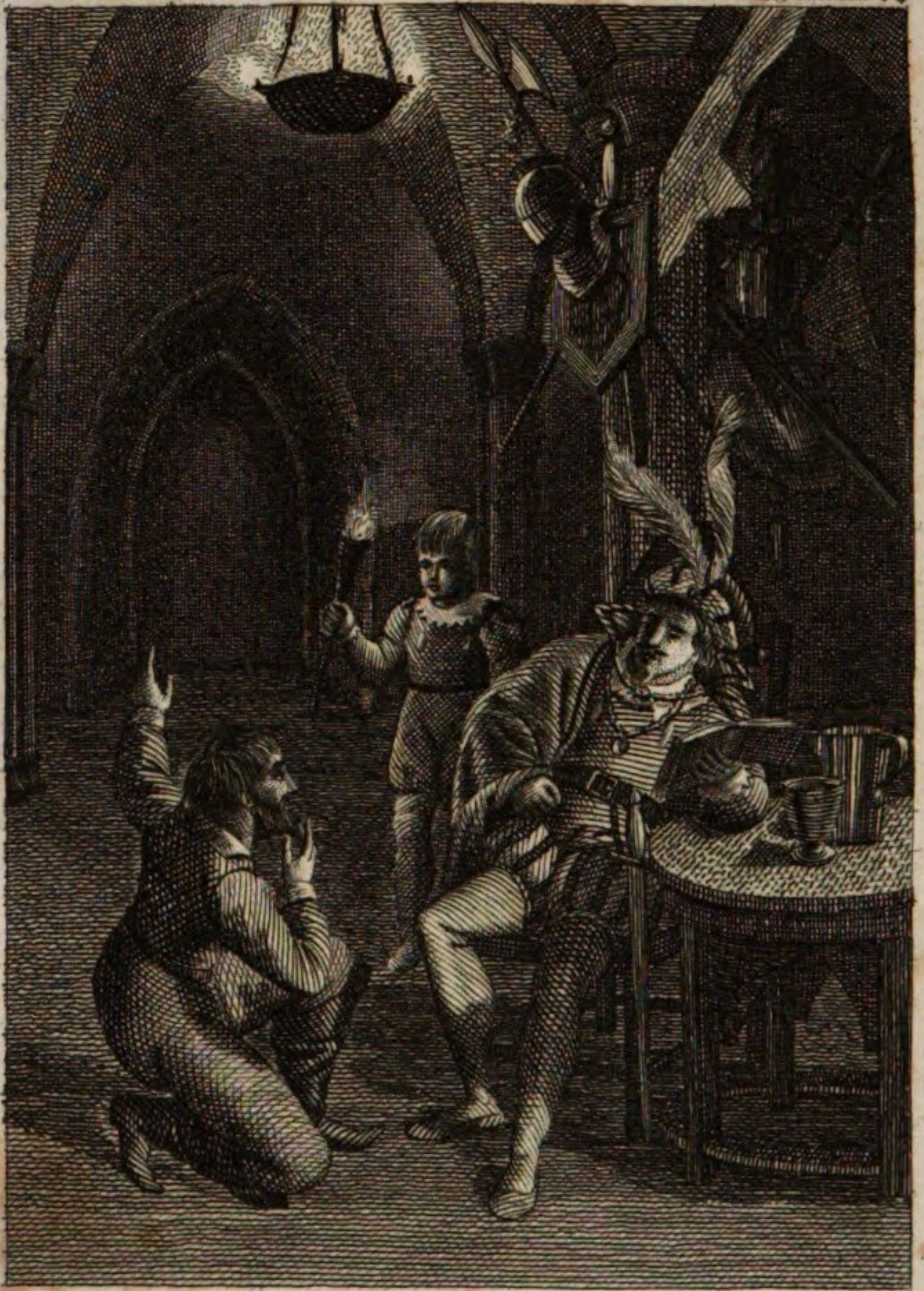
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THE WORKS OF WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. CXLIII.

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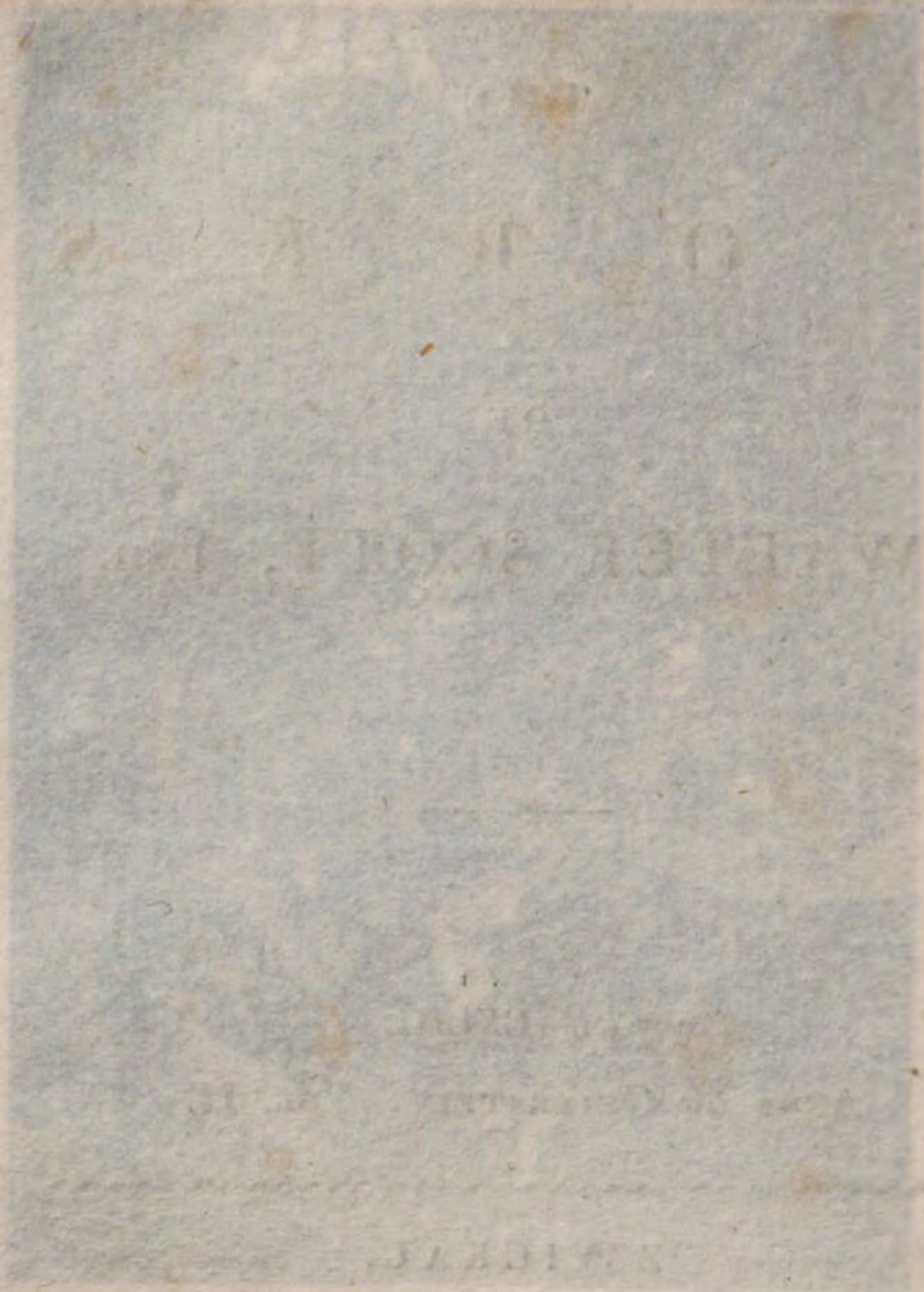
VOL. CXLIII.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN, VOL. II.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1829.



PRINTED FOR ROBERTS & CO. LONDON.

1851

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN;

OR,

THE MAIDEN OF THE MIST.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," etc.

*What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?*

SCHAKSPEARE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

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IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

SWICKARD

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUBERT

1839

CHAPTER IX.

*As set at nought the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dream-
ing*

Anonymus.

THE apparition of Anne of Geierstein crossed her lover — her admirer, at least we must call him — within shorter time than we can tell the story. But it was distinct, perfect, and undoubted. In the very instant when the young Englishman, shaking off his fond despondency, raised his head to look out upon the scene of

his watch, she came from the nearer end of the bridge, crossing the path of the sentinel, upon whom she did not even cast a look, and passed with a rapid yet steady pace towards the verge of the woodland.

It would have been natural, though Arthur had been directed not to challenge persons who left the castle, but only such as might approach it, that he should nevertheless, had it only been in mere civility, have held some communication, however slight, with the maiden as she crossed his post. But the suddenness of her appearance took from him for the instant both speech and motion. It seemed as if his own imagination had raised up a phantom, presenting to his outward senses the form and features which engrossed his mind; and he was silent, partly at least from the idea, that what he gazed upon was immaterial and not of this world.

It would have been no less natural that Anne of Geierstein should have in some manner acknowledged the person who had spent a considerable time under the same roof with her, had been often her partner in the dance, and her companion in the field; but she did not evince the slightest token of recognition, nor even look towards him as she passed; her eye was on the wood, to which she advanced swiftly and steadily, and she was hidden by its

bought ere Arthur had recollected himself sufficiently to determine what to do.

His first feeling was anger at himself for suffering her to pass unquestioned, when it might well chance, that upon any errand which called her forth at so extraordinary a time and place, he might have been enabled to afford her assistance, or at least advice. This sentiment was for a short time so predominant, that he ran towards the place where he had seen the skirt of her dress disappear, and whispering her name as loud as the fear of alarming the castle permitted, conjured her to return, and hear him but for a few brief moments. No answer, however, was returned; and when the branches of the trees began to darken over his head and to intercept the moonlight, he recollected that he was leaving his post, and exposing his fellow-travellers, who were trusting in his vigilance, to the danger of surprise.

He hastened, therefore, back to the castle gate, with matter for deeper and more inextricable doubt and anxiety, than had occupied him during the commencement of his watch. He asked himself in vain, with what purpose that modest young maiden, whose manners were frank, but whose conduct had always seemed so delicate and reserved, could sally forth at midnight like a damsel-errant in romance,

when she was in a strange country and suspicious neighbourhood ; yet he rejected, as he would have shrunk from blasphemy, any interpretation which could have thrown censure upon Anne of Geierstein. No, nothing was she capable of doing for which a friend could have to blush. But connecting her previous agitation with the extraordinary fact of her leaving the castle, alone and defenceless, at such an hour, Arthur necessarily concluded it must argue some cogent reason, and, as was most likely, of an unpleasant nature. — “I will watch her return,” he internally uttered, “and, if she will give me an opportunity, I will convey to her the assurance that there is one faithful bosom in her neighbourhood, which is bound in honour and gratitude to pour out every drop of its blood, if by doing so it can protect her from the slightest inconvenience. This is no silly flight of romance, for which common sense has a right to reproach me; it is only what I ought to do, what I must do, or forego every claim to be termed a man of honesty or honour.”

Yet scarce did the young man think himself anchored on a resolution which seemed unobjectionable, than his thoughts were again adrift. He reflected that Anne might have a desire to visit the neighbouring town of Bâle, to which

she had been invited the day before, and where her uncle had friends. It was indeed an uncommon hour to select for such a purpose; but Arthur was aware that the Swiss maidens feared neither solitary walks nor late hours and that Anne would have walked among her own hills by moonlight much farther than the distance betwixt their place of encampment and Bâle, to see a sick friend or for any similar purpose. To press himself on her confidence, then, might be impertinence, not kindness; and as she had passed him without taking the slightest notice of his presence, it was evident she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confidant; and probably she was involved in no difficulties where his aid could be useful. In that case, the duty of a gentleman was to permit her to return as she had gone forth, unnoticed and unquestioned, leaving it with herself to hold communication with him or not as she should choose.

Another idea proper to the age also passed through his mind, though it made no strong impression upon it. This form, so perfectly resembling Anne of Geierstein, might be a deception of the sight, or it might be one of those fantastic apparitions concerning which there were so many tales told in all countries, and of which Switzerland and Germany had, as

Arthur well knew, their full share. The internal and undefinable feelings which restrained him from accosting the maiden, as might have been natural for him to have done, are easily explained, on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk from an encounter with a being of a different nature. There had also been some expression of the magistrate of Bâle, which might apply to the castle's being liable to be haunted by beings from another world. But though the general belief in such ghostly apparitions prevented the Englishman from being positively incredulous on the subject, yet the instructions of his father, a man of great intrepidity and distinguished good sense had taught him to be extremely unwilling to refer any thing to supernatural interferences which was capable of explanation by ordinary rules; and he therefore shook off, without difficulty, any feelings of superstitious fear, which for an instant connected itself with his nocturnal adventure. He resolved finally to suppress all disquieting conjecture on the subject, and to await firmly, if not patiently, the return of the fair vision, which, if it should not fully explain the mystery, seemed at least to afford the only chance of throwing light upon it.

Fixed, therefore, in purpose, he traversed the walk which his duty permitted, with his

eyes fixed on the part of the forest where he had seen the beloved form disappear, and forgetful for the moment that his watch had any other purpose than to observe her return. But from this abstraction of mind he was roused by a distant sound in the forest, which seemed the clash of armour. Recalled at once to a sense of his duty, and its importance to his father and his fellow-travellers, Arthur planted himself on the temporary bridge, where a stand could best be made, and turned both eyes and ears to watch for approaching danger. The sound of arms and footsteps came nearer — spears and helmets advanced from the greenwood glade, and twinkled in the moonlight. But the stately form of Rudolf Donnerhugel, marching in front, was easily recognised, and announced to our sentinel the return of the patrol. Upon their approach to the bridge, the challenge, and interchange of sign and countersign, which is usual on such occasions, took place in due form; and as Rudolf's party filed off one after another into the castle, he commanded them to wake their companions, with whom he intended to renew the patrol, and at the same time to send a relief to Arthur Philipson, whose watch on the bridge was now ended. This last fact was confirmed by the deep and distant toll of the Minster clock from the town

of Bâle, which, prolonging its sullen sound over field and forest announced that midnight was past.

“And now, comrade,” continued Rudolf to the Englishman, “have the cold air and long watch determined thee to retire to food and rest, or dost thou still hold the intention of partaking our rounds?”

In very truth it would have been Arthur's choice to have remained in the place where he was, for the purpose of watching Anne of Geierstein's return from her mysterious excursion. He could not easily have found an excuse for this, however, and he was unwilling to give the haughty Donnerhugel the least suspicion that he was inferior in hardihood, or in the power of enduring fatigue, to any of the tall mountaineers, whose companion he was for the present. He did not, therefore, indulge even a moment's hesitation; but while he restored the borrowed partizan to the sluggish Sigismund, who came from the castle yawning and stretching himself like one whose slumbers had been broken by no welcome summons, when they were deepest and sweetest, he acquainted Rudolf that he retained his purpose of partaking in his reconnoitring duty. They were speedily joined by the rest of the patrolling party, amongst whom was Rudiger, the

eldest son of the Landamman of Unterwalden ; and when , led by the Bernese champion , they had reached the skirts of the forest, Rudolf commanded three of them to attend Rudiger Biedermaun.

“Thou wilt make thy round to the left side,” said the Bernese; “I will draw off to the right — see thou keepest a good look-out, and we will meet merrily at the place appointed. Take one of the hounds with you. I will keep Wolf-fanger, who will open on a Burgundian as readily as on a bear.”

Rudiger moved off with his party to the left, according to the directions received; and Rudolf, having sent forward one of his number in front, and stationed another in the rear, commanded the third to follow himself and Arthur Philipson, who thus constituted the main body of the patrol. Having intimated to their immediate attendant to keep at such distance as to allow them freedom of conversation, Rudolf addressed the Englishman with the familiarity which their recent friendship had created. — “And now, King Arthur, what thinks the Majesty of England of our Helvetian youth? Could they win guerdon in tilt or tourney, thinkest thou, noble prince? Or would they rank but amongst the coward knights of Cornouailles?”

“For tilt and tourney I cannot answer,” said Arthur summoning up his spirits to reply, “because I never beheld one of you mounted on a steed, or having spear in rest. But if strong limbs and stout hearts are to be considered, I would match you Swiss gailants with those of any country in the universe, where manhood is to be looked for, whether it be in heart or hand.”

“Thou speakest us fair; and, young Englishman,” said Rudolf, “know that we think as highly of thee, of which I will presently afford thee a proof. Thou talked’st but now of horses. I know but little of them; yet I judge thou wouldst not buy a steed which thou hadst only seen covered with trappings, or encumbered with saddle and bridle but wouldst desire to look at him when stripped, and in his natural state of freedom?”

“Ay, marry, would I,” said Arthur. “Thou hast spoken on that as if thou hadst been born in a district called Yorkshire, which men call the merriest part of Merry England.”

“Then I tell thee, said Rudolf Donnerhugel, “that thou hast seen our Swiss youth but half, since thou hast seen them as yet only in their submissive attendance upon the elders of their Cantons, or, at most, in their mountain-sports, which, though they may show men’s outward

strength and activity, can throw no light on the spirit and disposition by which that strength and activity are to be guided and directed in matters of high enterprise."

The Swiss probably designed that these remarks should excite the curiosity of the stranger. But the Englishman had the image, look, and form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had passed him in the silent hours of his watch, too constantly before him, to enter willingly upon a subject of conversation totally foreign to what agitated his mind. He, therefore, only compelled himself to reply in civility, that he had no doubt his esteem for the Swiss, both aged and young, would increase in proportion with his more intimate knowledge of the nation.

He was then silent; and Donnerhugel disappointed, perhaps, at having failed to excite his curiosity, walked also in silence by his side. Arthur, meanwhile, was considering with himself whether he should mention to his companion the circumstance which occupied his own mind, in the hope that the kinsman of Anne of Geierstein, and ancient friend of her house, might be able to throw some light on the subject.

But he felt within his mind an insurmountable objection to converse with the Swiss on a

subject in which Anne was concerned. That Rudolf made pretensions to her favour, could hardly be doubted; and though Arthur, had the question been put to him, must in common consistency have resigned all competition on the subject, still he could not bear to think on the possibility of his rival's success, and would not willingly have endured to hear him pronounce her name.

Perhaps it was owing to this secret irritability that Arthur, though he made every effort to conceal and to overcome the sensation, still felt a secret dislike to Rudolf Donnerhugel, whose frank, but somewhat coarse familiarity, was mingled with a certain air of protection and patronage, which the Englishman thought was by no means called for. He met the openness of the Bernese, indeed, with equal frankness, but he was ever and anon tempted to reject or repel the tone of superiority by which it was accompanied. The circumstances of their duel had given the Swiss no ground for such triumph; nor did Arthur feel himself included in the roll of the Swiss youth, over whom Rudolf exercised domination, by general consent. So little did Philipson relish this affectation of superiority, that the poor jest, that termed him King Arthur, although quite indifferent to him when applied by any of the

Biedermans, was rather offensive when Rudolf took the same liberty; so that he often found himself in the awkward condition of one who is internally irritated, without having any outward manner of testifying it with propriety. Undoubtedly, the root of all this tacit dislike to the young Bernese was a feeling of rivalry: but it was a feeling which Arthur dared not avow even to himself. It was sufficiently powerful, however, to suppress the slight inclination he had felt to speak with Rudolf on the passage of the night, which had most interested him; and as the topic of conversation introduced by his companion had been suffered to drop, they walked on side by side in silence, "with the beard on the shoulder," as the Spaniard says, looking around, — that is, on all hands; and thus performing the duty of a vigilant watch.

At length, after they had walked nearly a mile through forest and field, making a circuit around the ruins of Graffs-lust, of such an extent as to leave no room for an ambush betwixt them and the place, the old hound, led by the vidette who was foremost, stopped and uttered a low growl.

"How, now, Wolf-fanger!" said Rudolf, advancing, — "What, old fellow! dost thou not know friends from foes? Come, what sayes

thou, on better thoughts? — Thou must not lose character in thy old age — try it again.”

The dog raised his head, snuffed the air all around, as if he understood what his master had said, then shook his head and tail, as if answering to his voice.

“Why, there it is now,” said Donnerhugel, patting the animal’s shaggy back; “second thoughts are worth gold; thou seest it is a friend after all.”

The dog again shook his tail, and moved forward with the same unconcern as before; Rudolf fell back into his place, and his companion said to him —

“We are about to meet Rudiger and our companions, I suppose, and the dog hears their footsteps, though we cannot.”

“It can scarcely yet be Rudiger,” said the Bernese; “his walk around the castle is of a wider circumference than ours. Some one approaches, however, for Wolf-fanger is again dissatisfied — Look sharply out on all sides.”

As Rudolf gave his party the word to be on the alert, they reached an open glade, in which were scattered, at considerable distance from each other, some old pine trees of gigantic size, which seemed yet huger and blacker than ordinary, from their broad sable tops and shattered branches being displayed against the

clear and white moonlight. "We shall here, at least," said the Swiss, "have the advantage of seeing clearly whatever approaches. But I judge," said he, after looking around for a minute, "it is but some wolf or deer that has crossed our path, and the scent disturbs the hound — Hold — stop — yes, it must be so; he goes on."

The dog accordingly proceeded, after having given some signs of doubt, uncertainty, and even anxiety. Apparently, however, he became reconciled to what had disturbed him, and proceeded once more in the ordinary manner.

"This is singular!" said Arthur Philipson; "and, to my thinking, I saw an object close by yonder patch of thicket, where, as well as I can guess, a few thorn and hazle bushes surround the stems of four or five large trees."

"My eye has been on that very thicket for these five minutes past, and I saw nothing," said Rudolf.

"Nay, but," answered the young Englishman, "I saw the object, whatever it was, while you were engaged in attending to the dog. And by your permission, I will forward and examine the thicket."

"Were you properly under my command," said Donnerhugel, "I would command you to keep your place. If they be foes, it is essential

that we should remain together. But you are a volunteer in our watch, and therefore may use your freedom."

"I thank you," answered Arthur, and sprung quickly forward.

He felt, indeed, at the moment, that he was not acting courteously as an individual, or perhaps correctly as a soldier; and that he ought to have rendered obedience, for the time, to the captain of the party in which he had enlisted himself. But, on the other hand, the object which he had seen, though at a distance and imperfectly, seemed to bear a resemblance to the retiring form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had vanished from his eyes, an hour or two before, under the cover of the forest; and his ungovernable curiosity to ascertain whether it might not be the maiden in person, allowed him to listen to no other consideration.

Ere Rudolf had spoken out his few words of reply, Arthur was half-way to the thicket. It was, as it had seemed at a distance, of small extent, and not fitted to hide any person who did not actually couch down amongst the dwarf bushes and underwood. Any thing white, also, which bore the human size and form, must, he thought, have been discovered among the dark red stems and swarthy bushes which

were before him. These observations were mingled with other thoughts. If it was Anne of Geierstein whom he had a second time seen, she must have left the more open path, desirous probably of avoiding notice; and what right or title had he to direct upon her the observation of the patrol? He had, he thought, observed, that, in general, the maiden rather repelled than encouraged the attentions of Rudolf Donnerhugel; or, where it would have been discourteous to have rejected them entirely, that she endured without encouraging them. What, then, could be the propriety of his intruding upon her private walk, singular indeed, from time and place, but which, on that account, she might be more desirous to keep secret from the observation of one who was disagreeable to her? Nay, was it not possible that Rudolf might derive advantage to his otherwise unacceptable suit, by possessing the knowledge of something which the maiden desired to be concealed?

As these thoughts pressed upon him, Arthur made a pause, with his eyes fixed on the thicket, from which he was now scarce thirty yards distant; and although scrutinizing it with all the keen accuracy which his uncertainty and anxiety dictated, he was actuated by a strong feeling that it would be wisest to turn

back to his companions, and report to Rudolf that his eyes had deceived him.

But while he was yet undecided whether to advance or return, the object which he had seen became again visible on the verge of the thicket, and advanced straight towards him, bearing, as on the former occasion, the exact dress and figure of Anne of Geierstein! This vision — for the time, place, and suddenness of the appearance, made it seem rather an illusion than a reality — struck Arthur with surprise, which amounted to terror. The figure passed within a spear's-length, unchallenged by him, and giving not the slightest sign of recognition; and, directing its course to the right hand of Rudolf, and the two or three who were with him, was again lost among the broken ground and bushes.

Once more the young man was reduced to a state of the most inextricable doubt; nor was he roused from the stupor into which he was thrown, till the voice of the Bernese sounded in his ear, — "Why, how now, King Arthur — art thou asleep, or art thou wounded?"

"Neither," said Philipson, collecting himself; "only much surprised."

"Surprised! and at what, most royal ——"

"Forbear foolery," said Arthur somewhat

sternly, "and answer as thou art a man — Did she not meet thee? — didst thou not see her?"

"See her! — see whom?" said Donnerhugel. "I saw no one. And I could have sworn you had seen no one either, for I had you in my eye the whole time of your absence, excepting two or three moments. If you saw aught, why gave you not the alarm?"

"Because it was only a woman" answered Arthur, faintly.

"Only a woman!" repeated Rudolf, in a tone of contempt. "By my honest word, King Arthur, if I had not seen pretty flashes of valour fly from thee at times, I should be apt to think that thou hadst only a woman's courage thyself. Strange, that a shadow by night, or a precipice in the day, should quell so bold a spirit as thou hast often shown —"

"And as I will ever show, when occasion demands it," interrupted the Englishman, with recovered spirit. "But I swear to you, that if I be now daunted, it is by no merely earthly fears that my mind hath been for a moment subdued."

"Let us proceed on our walk," said Rudolf; "we must not neglect the safety of our friends. This appearance, of which thou speakest, may be but a trick to interrupt our duty."

They moved on through the moonlight glades. A minute's reflection restored young Philipson to his full recollection, and with that to the painful consciousness that he had played a ridiculous and unworthy part in the presence of the person, whom (of the male sex, at least) he would the very last have chosen as a witness of his weakness.

He ran hastily over the relations which stood betwixt himself, Donnerhugel, the Landamman, his niece, and the rest of that family; and, contrary to the opinion which he had entertained but a short while before, settled in his own mind that it was his duty to mention to the immediate leader under whom he had placed himself, the appearance which he had twice observed in the course of that night's duty. There might be family circumstances, — the payment of a vow, perhaps, or some such reason — which might render intelligible to her connexions the behaviour of this young lady. Besides, he was for the present a soldier on duty, and these mysteries might be fraught with evils to be anticipated or guarded against; in either case, his companions were entitled to be made aware of what he had seen. It must be supposed that this resolution was adopted when the sense of duty, and of shame for the weakness which he had exhibited, had for the

moment subdued Arthur's personal feelings towards Anne of Geierstein, — feelings, also liable to be chilled by the mysterious uncertainty which the events of that evening had cast, like a thick mist, around the object of them.

While the Englishman's reflections were taking this turn, his captain or companion, after a silence of several minutes, at length addressed him.

"I believe," he said, "my dear comrade, that, as being at present your officer, I have some title to hear from you the report of what you have just now seen, since it must be something of importance which could so strongly agitate a mind so firm as yours. But if, in your own opinion, it consists with the general safety to delay your report of what you have seen until we return to the castle, and then to deliver it to the private ear of the Landamman, you have only to intimate your purpose: and, far from urging you to place confidence in me personally, though I hope I am not undeserving of it, I will authorize your leaving us, and returning instantly to the castle."

This proposal touched him to whom it was made exactly in the right place. An absolute demand of his confidence might perhaps have been declined; the tone of moderate request

and conciliation fell presently in with the Englishman's own reflections.

"I am sensible," he said, "Hauptman, that I ought to mention to you that which I have seen to-night; but on the first occasion, it did not fall within my duty to do so; and now that I have a second time witnessed the same appearance, I have felt for these few seconds so much surprised at what I have seen, that even yet I can scarce find words to express it."

"As I cannot guess what you may have to say," replied the Bernese, "I must beseech you to be explicit. We are but poor readers of riddles, we thick-headed Switzers."

"Yet it is but a riddle which I have to place before you, Rudolf Donnerhugel," answered the Englishman, "and a riddle which is far beyond my own guessing at." He then proceeded, though not without hesitation. "While you were performing your first patrol amongst the ruins, a female crossed the bridge from within the castle, walked by my post without saying a single word, and vanished under the shadows of the forest."

"Ha!" exclaimed Donnerhugel, and made no further answer.

Arthur proceeded. "Within these five minutes, the same female form passed me a second time, issuing from the little thicket and

clump of firs, and disappeared, without exchanging a word. Know further, this apparition bore the form, face, gait, and dress of your kinswoman, Anne of Geierstein."

"Singular enough," said Rudolf, in a tone of incredulity. "I must not, I suppose, dispute your word, for you would receive doubt on my part as a mortal injury — such is your northern chivalry. Yet, let me say, I have eyes as well as you, and I scarce think they quitted you for a minute. We were not fifty yards from the place where I found you standing in amazement. How, therefore, should not we also have seen that which you say and think you saw?"

"To that I can give no answer," said Arthur. "Perhaps your eyes were not exactly turned upon me during the short space in which I saw this form — Perhaps it might be visible — as they say fantastic appearances sometimes are — to only one person at a time."

"You suppose, then, that the appearance was imaginary, or fantastic?" said the Bernese.

"Can I tell you?" replied the Englishman. "The Church gives its warrant that there are such things; and surely it is more natural to believe this apparition to be an illusion, than to suppose that Anne of Geierstein, a gentle and well-nurtured maiden, should be traversing

the woods at this wild hour, when safety and propriety so strongly recommend her being within doors."

"There is much in what you say," said Rudolf; "and yet there are stories afloat, though few care to mention them, which seem to allege that Anne of Geierstein is not altogether such as other maidens; and that she has been met with, in body and spirit, where she could hardly have come by her own unassisted efforts."

"Ha!" said Arthur; "so young, so beautiful, and already in league with the destroyer of mankind! It is impossible."

"I said not so," replied the Bernese; "nor have I leisure at present to explain my meaning more fully. As we return to the castle of Graffslust, I may have an opportunity to tell you more. But I chiefly brought you on this patrol to introduce you to some friends, whom you will be pleased to know, and who desire your acquaintance; and it is here I expect to meet them."

So saying, he turned round the projecting corner of a rock, and an unexpected scene was presented to the eyes of the young Englishman.

In a sort of nook, or corner screened by the rocky projection, there burned a large fire of

wood, and around it sat, reclined, or lay, twelve or fifteen young men in the Swiss garb, but decorated with ornaments and embroidery, which reflected back the light of the fire. The same red gleam was returned by silver wine-cups, which circulated from hand to hand with the flasks which filled them. Arthur could also observe the relics of a banquet, to which due honour seemed to have been lately rendered.

The revellers started joyfully up at the sight of Donnerhugel and his companions, and saluted him, easily distinguished as he was by his stature, by the title of Captain, warmly and exultingly uttered, while, at the same time, every tendency to noisy acclamation was cautiously suppressed. The zeal indicated that Rudolf came most welcome — the caution that he came in secret, and was to be received with mystery.

To the general greeting he answered, — “I thank you, my brave comrades. Has Rudiger yet reached you?”

“Thou see’st he has not,” said one of the party; “had it been so, we would have detained him here till your coming, brave Captain.”

“He has loitered on his patrol,” said the Bernese. “We too were delayed, yet we are here before him. I bring with me, comrades,

the brave Englishman, whom I mentioned to you as a desirable associate in our daring purpose."

"He is welcome, most welcome to us," said a young man, whose richly embroidered dress of azure blue gave him an air of authority; "most welcome is he, if he brings with him a heart and a hand to serve our noble task."

"For both I will be responsible," said Rudolf. "Pass the wine-cup, then, to the success of our glorious enterprise, and the health of this our new associate!"

While they were replenishing the cups with wine of a quality far superior to any which Arthur had yet tasted in these regions, he thought it right, before engaging himself in the pledge, to learn the secret object of the association which seemed desirous of adopting him.

"Before I engage my poor services to you, fair sirs, since it pleases you to desire them, permit me," he said, "to ask the purpose and character of the undertaking in which they are to be employed?"

"Shouldst thou have brought him hither," said the cavalier in blue to Rudolf, "without satisfying him and thyself on that point?"

"Care not thou about it Lawrenz," replied the Bernese, "I know my man. — Be it known,

then, to you, my good friend," he continued, addressing the Englishman, "that my comrades and I are determined at once to declare the freedom of the Swiss commerce, and to resist to the death, if it be necessary, all unlawful and extortionate demands on the part of our neighbours."

"I understand so much," said the young Englishman, "and that the present deputation proceeds to the Duke of Burgundy with remonstrances to that effect."

"Hear me," replied Rudolf. "The question is like to be brought to a bloody determination long ere we see the Duke of Burgundy's most august and most gracious countenance. That his influence should be used to exclude us from Bâle, a neutral town, and pertaining to the empire, gives us cause to expect the worst reception when we enter his own dominions. We have even reason to think that we might have suffered from his hatred already, but for the vigilance of the ward which we have kept. Horsemen, from the direction of La Ferette, have this night reconnoitred our posts; and had they not found us prepared, we had, without question, been attacked in our quarters. But since we have escaped to-night, we must take care for to-morrow. For this purpose, a number of the bravest youth of the city of Bâle

incensed at the pusillanimity of their magistrates, are determined to join us, in order to wipe away the disgrace which the cowardly inhospitality of their magistracy has brought on their native place."

"That we will do ere the sun, that will rise two hours hence, shall sink into the western sky," said the cavalier in blue; and those around joined him in stern assent.

"Gentle sirs," replied Arthur, when there was a pause. "let me remind you that the embassy which you attend is a peaceful one, and that those who act as its escort ought to avoid any thing which can augment the differences which it comes to reconcile. You cannot expect to receive offence in the Duke's dominions, the privileges of envoys being respected in all civilized countries; and you will, I am sure, desire to offer none."

"We may be subjected to insult, however," replied the Bernese, "and that through your concerns, Arthur Philipson, and those of thy father."

"I understand you not," replied Philipson.

"Your father," answered Donnerhugel, "is a merchant, and bears with him wares of small bulk but high value?"

"He does so," answered Arthur; "and what of that?"

«Marry.» answered Rudolf, «that if it be not better looked to, the Bandog of Burgundy is like to fall heir to a large proportion of your silks, satins, and jewellery work.»

«Silks, satins, and jewels» exclaimed another of the revellers; «such wares will not pass toll-free where Archibald of Hagenbach hath authority.»

«Fair sirs,» resumed Arthur, after a moment's consideration, «these wares are my father's property, not mine; and it is for him, not me, to pronounce how much of them he might be content to part with in the way of toll, rather than give occasion to a fray, in which his companions, who have received him into their society, must be exposed to injury as well as himself. I can only say, that he has weighty affairs at the court of Burgundy, which must render him desirous of reaching it in peace with all men; and it is my private belief, that rather than incur the loss and danger of a broil with the garrison of La Ferette, he would be contented to sacrifice all the property which he has at present with him. Therefore, I must request of you, gentlemen, a space to consult his pleasure on this occasion; assuring you, that if it be his will to resist the payment of these duties to Burgundy you

shall find in me one who is fully determined to fight to the last drop of his blood."

"Good, King Arthur," said Rudolf; "thou art a dutiful observer of the Fourth Commandment, and thy days shall be long in the land. Do not suppose us neglectful of the same duty, although, for the present, we conceive ourselves bound; in the first place, to attend to the weal of our country, the common parent of our fathers and ourselves. But as you know our deep respect for the Landamman, you need not fear that we shall willingly offer him offence, by rashly engaging in hostilities, or without some weighty reason; and an attempt to plunder his guest would have been met, on his part, with resistance to the death. I had hoped to find both you and your father prompt enough to resent such a gross injury. Nevertheless, if your father inclines to present his fleece to be shorn by Archibald of Hagenbach, whose scissors, he will find, clip pretty closely, it would be unnecessary and uncivil in us to interpose. Meantime, you have the advantage of knowing, that in case the governor of La Ferette should be disposed to strip you of skin as well as fleece, there are close at hand more men than you looked for, whom you will find both able and willing to render you prompt assistance."

“On these terms,” said the Englishman, “I make my acknowledgments to these gentlemen of Bâle, or whatever other country hath sent them forth, and pledge them in a brotherly cup to our farther and more intimate acquaintance.”

“Health and prosperity to the United Cantons, and their friends!” answered the Blue Cavalier. “And death and confusion to all besides!”

The cups were replenished; and instead of a shout of applause, the young men around testified their devoted determination to the cause which was thus announced, by grasping each other’s hands, and then brandishing their weapons with a fierce yet noiseless gesture.

“Thus,” said Rudolf Donnerhugel, “our illustrious ancestors, the fathers of Swiss independence, met in the immortal field of Rutli between Uri and Unterwalden. Thus they swore to each other, under the blue firmament of heaven, that they would restore the liberty of their oppressed country; and history can tell how well they kept their word.”

“And she shall record,” said the Blue Cavalier, “how well the present Switzers can preserve the freedom which their fathers won. — Proceed in your rounds, good Rudolf, and be assured, that at the signal of the Hauptman,

the soldiers will not be far absent; — all is arranged as formerly, unless you have new orders to give us."

"Hark thee hither, Lawrenz," said Rudolf to the Blue Cavalier, — and Arthur could hear him say, — "Beware, my friend, that the Rhine wine be not abused; — if there is too much provision of it, manage to destroy the flasks; — a mule may stumble, thou knowest, or so. Give not way to Rudiger in this. He is grown a wine-bibber since he joined us. We must bring both heart and hand to what may be done to-morrow." — They then whispered so low, that Arthur could hear nothing of their farther conference, and bid each other adieu, after clasping hands, as if they were renewing some solemn pledge of union.

Rudolf and his party then moved forward, and were scarce out of sight of their new associates, when the *vidette*, or foremost of their patrol, gave the signal of alarm. Arthur's heart leaped to his lips — "It is Anne of Geierstein!" he said internally.

"The dogs are silent," said the Bernese. "Those who approach must be the companions of our watch."

They proved, accordingly, to be Rudiger and his party, who, halting on the appearance of their comrades, made and underwent a for-

mal challenge ; such advance had the Swiss already made in military discipline, which was but little studied by the infantry in other parts of Europe. Arthur could hear Rudolf take his friend Rudiger to task for not meeting him at the halting place appointed. «It leads to new revelry, on your arrival," he said, «and to-morrow must find us cool and determined."

«Cool as an icicle, noble Hauptman," answered the son of the Landamman, «and determined as the rock it hangs upon."

Rudolf again recommended temperance, and the young Biederman promised compliance. The two parties passed each other with friendly though silent greeting; and there was soon a considerable distance between them.

The country was more open on the side of the castle, around which their duty now led them, than where it lay opposite to the principal gate. The glades were broad, the trees thinly scattered over pasture land, and there were no thickets, ravines, or similar places of ambush, so that the eye might, in the clear moonlight well command the country.

«Here," said Rudolf, «we may judge ourselves secure enough for some conference; and therefore may I ask thee, Arthur of England, now thou hast seen us more closely what thinkest thou of the Switzer youth? If thou hast

learned less than I could have wished, thank thine own uncommunicative temper, which retired in some degree from our confidence."

"Only in so far as I could not have answered, and therefore ought not to have received it," said Arthur. "The judgment I have been enabled to form amounts, in few words, to this: Your purposes are lofty and noble as your mountains; but the stranger from the low country is not accustomed to tread the circuitous path by which you ascend them. My foot has been always accustomed to move straight forward upon the greensward."

"You speak in riddles," answered the Bernese.

"Not so," returned the Englishman. "I think you ought plainly to mention to your seniors, (the nominal leaders of young men who seem well disposed to take their own road,) that you expect an attack in the neighbourhood of La Ferette, and hope for assistance from some of the townsmen of Bâle."

"Ay, truly," answered Donnerhugel; "and the Landamman would stop his journey till he dispatched a messenger for a safe-conduct to the Duke of Burgundy; and should he grant it, there were an end of all hope of war."

"True," replied Arthur; "but the Landamman would thereby obtain his own principal

object, and the sole purpose of the mission — that is, the establishment of peace.”

“Peace — peace?” answered the Bernese hastily: “Were my wishes alone to be opposed to those of Arnold Biederman, I know so much of his honour and faith, I respect so highly his valour and patriotism, that at his voice I would sheathe my sword, even if my most mortal enemy stood before me. But mine is not the single wish of a single man; the whole of my canton, and that of Soleure, are determined on war. It was by war, noble war, that our fathers came forth from the house of their captivity — it was by war, successful and glorious war, that a race, who had been held scarce so much worth thinking on as the oxen which they goaded, emerged at once into liberty and consequence, and were honoured because they were feared, as much as they had been formerly despised because they were unresisting.”

“This may be all very true,” said the young Englishman; “but, in my opinion, the object of your mission has been determined by your Diet or House of Bommons. They have resolved to send you with others as messengers of peace; but you are secretly blowing the coals of war; and while all, or most of your senior colleagues, are setting out to-morrow in expectation of a peaceful journey, you stand pre-

pared for a combat, and look for the means of giving cause for it."

"And is it not well that I do stand so prepared?" answered Rudolf. "If our reception in Burgundy's dependencies be peaceful, as you say the rest of the deputation expect, my precautions will be needless; but at least they can do no harm. If it prove otherwise, I shall be the means of averting a great misfortune from my colleagues, my kinsman Arnold Biederman, my fair cousin Anne, your father, yourself — from all of us, in short, who are joyously travelling together."

Arthur shook his head. "There is something in all this," he said, "which I understand not, and will not seek to understand. I only pray that you will not make my father's concerns the subject of breaking truce; it may, as you hint, involve the Landamman in a quarrel, which he might otherwise have avoided. I am sure my father will never forgive it."

"I have pledged my word," said Rudolf, "already to that effect. But if he should like the usage of the Bandog of Burgundy less than you seem to apprehend he will, there is no harm in your knowing, that, in time of need, he may be well and actively supported."

"I am greatly obliged by the assurance," replied the Englishman.

“And thou mayst thyself, my friend,” continued Rudolf, “take a warning from what thou hast heard. Men go not to a bridal in armour, nor to a brawl in a silken doublet.”

“I will be clad to meet the worst,” said Arthur; “and for that purpose I will don a light hauberk of well-tempered steel, proof against spear or arrow; and I thank you for your kindly counsel.”

“Nay, thank not me,” said Rudolf; “I were ill deserving to be a leader did I not make those who are to follow me — more especially so trusty a follower as thou art — aware of the time when they should buckle on their armour, and prepare for hard blows.”

Here the conversation paused for a moment or two, neither of the speakers being entirely contented with his companion, although neither pressed any further remark.

The Bernese, judging from the feelings which he had seen predominate among the traders of his own country, had entertained little doubt that the Englishman, finding himself powerfully supported in point of force, would have caught at the opportunity to resist paying the exorbitant imposts with which he was threatened at the next town, which would probably, without any effort on Rudolf's part, have led to breaking off the truce on the part of Arnold Bie-

derman himself, and to an instant declaration of war. On the other hand, young Philipson could not understand or approve of Donnerhugel's conduct, who, himself a member of a peaceful deputation, seemed to be animated with the purpose of seizing an opportunity to kindle the flames of war.

Occupied by these various reflections, they walked side by side for some time without speaking together, until Rudolf broke silence.

"Your curiosity is then ended, Sir Englishman," said he, "respecting the apparition of Anne of Geierstein?"

"Far from it," replied Philipson; "but I would unwillingly intrude any questions on you while you are busy with the duties of your patrol."

"That may be considered as over," said the Bernese, "for there is not a bush near us to cover a Burgundian knave, and a glance around us from time to time is all that is now needful to prevent surprise. And so listen while I tell a tale, never sung or harped in hall or bower, and which, I begin to think, deserves as much credit, at least, as is due to the Tales of the Round Table, which ancient troubadours and minne-singers dole out to us as the authentic chronicles of your renowned namesake.

“Of Anne’s ancestors on the male side of the house,” continued Rudolf, “I dare say you have heard enough, and are well aware how they dwelt in the old walls at Geierstein beside the cascade, grinding their vassals, devouring the substance of their less powerful neighbours, and plundering the goods of the travellers whom ill luck sent within ken of the vulture’s eyry, the one year; and in the next, wearying the shrines for mercy for their trespasses, overwhelming the priests with the wealth which they showered upon them, and, finally, vowing vows, and making pilgrimages; sometimes as palmers, sometimes as crusaders, as far as Jerusalem itself, to atone for the iniquities which they had committed without hesitation or struggle of conscience.”

“Such, I have understood,” replied the young Englishman, “was the history of the house of Geierstein, till Arnold, or his immediate ancestors, exchanged the lance for the sheep-hook.”

“But it is said,” replied the Bernese, “that the powerful and wealthy Barons of Arnheim, of Swabia, whose only female descendant became the wife to Count Albert of Geierstein, and the mother of this young person, whom Swiss call simply Anne, and Germans Countess Anne of Geierstein, were nobles of a different caste. They did not restrict their lives within

the limits of sinning and pampering fat monks; but were distinguished for something more than building castles with dungeons and torture-chambers, and founding monasteries with Galleries and Refectories.

«These same Barons of Arnheim were men who strove to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and converted their castle into a species of college, where there were more ancient volumes than the monks have piled together in the library of St. Gall. Nor were their studies in books alone. Deep buried in their private laboratories, they attained secrets which were afterwards transmitted through the race from father to son, and were supposed to have approached nearly to the deepest recesses of alchemy. The report of their wisdom and their wealth was often brought to the Imperial footstool; and in the frequent disputes which the Emperors maintained with the Popes of old, it is said they were encouraged, if not instigated, by the counsels of the Barons of Arnheim, and supported by their treasures. It was, perhaps, such a course of politics, joined to the unusual and mysterious studies which the family of Arnheim so long pursued, that excited against them the generally received opinion, that they were assisted in their superhuman researches by supernatural influences.

The priests were active in forwarding this cry against men, who, perhaps, had no other fault than that of being wiser than themselves.

“‘Look what guests,’ they said, ‘are received in the halls of Arnheim! Let a Christian knight, crippled in war with the Saracens, present himself on the drawbridge, he is guerdoned with a crust and a cup of wine, and required to pass on his way. If a palmer, redolent of the sanctity acquired by his recent visits to the most holy shrines, and by the sacred relics which attest and reward his toil, approach the unhallowed walls, the warder bends his crossbow, and the porter shuts the gate, as if the wandering saint brought the plague with him from Palestine. But comes there a grey-bearded, glib-tongued Greek, with his parchmentscrolls, the very letters of which are painful to Christian eyes — comes there a Jewish Rabbin, with his Talmud and Cabala — comes there a swarthy sun-burnt Moor, who can boast of having read the language of the Stars in Chaldea, the cradle of astrological science — Lo, the wandering impostor or sorcerer occupies the highest seat at the Baron of Arnheim’s board, shares with him the labours of the alembic and the furnace, learns from him mystic knowledge, like that of which our first parents participated to the overthrow of their race, and requites it with

lessons more dreadful than he receives, till the profane host has added to his hoard of unholy wisdom, all that the pagan visitor can communicate. And these things are done in Almain, which is called the Holy Roman Empire, of which so many priests are princes! — they are done and neither ban nor monition issued against a race of sorcerers, who, from age to age, go on triumphing in their necromancy!

«Such arguments, which were echoed from mitred Abbots to the cell of Anchorites, seem, nevertheless, to have made little impression on the Imperial council. But they served to excite the zeal of many a Baron and Free Count of the Empire, who were taught by them to esteem a war or feud with the Barons of Arnheim as partaking of the nature, and entitled to the immunities, of a crusade against the enemies of the Faith, and to regard an attack upon these obnoxious potentates, as a mode of clearing off their deep scores with the Christian church. But the Lords of Arnheim, though not seeking for quarrel, were by no means unwarlike, or averse to maintaining their own defence. Some, on the contrary, belonging to this obnoxious race, were not the less distinguished as gallant knights and good men-at-arms. They were besides wealthy, secured and strengthened by great alliances, and in an eminent degree wise

and provident. This the parties who assailed them learned to their cost.

“The confederacies formed against the Lords of Arnheim were broken up; the attacks which their enemies meditated were anticipated and disconcerted; and those who employed actual violence were repelled with signal loss to the assailants: until at length an impression was produced in their neighbourhood, that by their accurate information concerning meditated violence, and their extraordinary powers of resisting and defeating it, the obnoxious Barons must have brought to their defence means, which merely human force was incapable of overthrowing; so that, becoming as much feared as hated, they were suffered for the last generation to remain unmolested. And this was the rather the case, that the numerous vassals of this great house were perfectly satisfied with their feudal superiors, abundantly ready to rise in their defence, and disposed to believe, that, whether their lords were sorcerers or no, their own condition would not be mended by exchanging their government, either for the rule of the crusaders in this holy warfare, or that of the churchmen by whom it was instigated. The race of these barons ended in Herman von Arnheim, the maternal grandfather of Anne of Geierstein. He was buried with his helmet,

sword, and shield, as is the German custom with the last male of a noble family.

«But he left an only daughter Sybilla of Arnheim, to inherit a considerable portion of his estate; and I never heard that the strong imputation of sorcery which attached to her house, prevented numerous applications, from persons of the highest distinction in the Empire, to her legal guardian, the Emperor, for the rich heiress's hand in marriage. Albert of Geierstein, however, though an exile, obtained the preference. He was gallant and handsome, which recommended him to Sybilla; and the Emperor, bent at the time on the vain idea of recovering his authority in the Swiss mountains, was desirous to show himself generous to Albert, whom he considered as a fugitive from his country for espousing the imperial cause. You may thus see, most noble King Arthur, that Anne of Geierstein, the only child of their marriage, descends from no ordinary stock; and that circumstances in which she may be concerned, are not to be explained or judged of so easily, or upon the same grounds of reasoning, as in the case of ordinary persons.»

«By my honest word, Sir Rudolf of Donnerhugel," said Arthur, studiously labouring to keep a command upon his feelings, «I can see nothing in your narrative, and understand no-

thing from it, unless it be, that, because in Germany, as in other countries, there have been fools who have annexed the idea of witchcraft and sorcery to the possession of knowledge and wisdom, you are therefore disposed to stigmatize a young maiden, who has always been respected and beloved by those around her, as a disciple of arts which, I trust, are as uncommon as unlawful."

Rudolf paused ere he replied.

"I could have wished," he said, "that you had been satisfied with the general character of Anne of Geierstein's maternal family, as offering some circumstances which may account for what you have, according to your own report, this night witnessed, and I am really unwilling to go into more particular details. To no one can Anne of Geierstein's fame be so dear as to me. I am, after her uncle's family, her nearest relative, and had she remained in Switzerland, or should she, as is most probable, return thither, perhaps our connexion might be drawn yet closer. This has, indeed, only been prevented by certain prejudices of her uncle's respecting her father's authority, and the nearness of our relationship, which, however, comes within reach of a license very frequently obtained. But I only mention these things, to show you how much more tender I must ne-

cessarily hold Anne of Geierstein's reputation, than it is possible for you to do, being a stranger, known to her but a short while since, and soon to part with her, as I understand your purpose, for ever."

The turn taken in this kind of apology irritated Arthur so highly, that it required all the reasons which recommended coolness, to enable him to answer with assumed composure.

"I can have no ground, Sir Hauptman," he said, "to challenge any opinion which you may entertain of a young person with whom you are so closely connected, as you appear to be with Anne of Geierstein. I only wonder, that, with such regard for her as your relationship implies, you should be disposed to receive, on popular and trivial traditions, a belief which must injuriously affect your kinswoman, more especially one with whom you intimate a wish to form a still more close connexion. Bethink you, sir, that in all Christian lands, the imputation of sorcery is the most foul which can be thrown on Christian man or woman."

"And I am so far from intimating such an imputation," said Rudolf, "that, by the good sword I wear, he that dared give breath to such a thought against Anne of Geierstein, must undergo my challenge, and take my life, or lose his own. But the question is not whether the

maiden herself practises sorcery, which he who avers had better get ready his tomb, and provide for his soul's safety; the doubt lies here, whether, as the descendant of a family whose relations with the unseen world are reported to have been of the closest degree, elvish and fantastical beings may not have power to imitate her form, and to present her appearance where she is not personally present - in fine, whether they have permission to play at her expense fantastical tricks, which they cannot exercise over other mortals, whose forefathers have ever regulated their lives by the rules of the church, and died in regular communion with it. And as I sincerely desire to retain your esteem, I have no objection to communicate to you more particular circumstances respecting her genealogy, confirming the idea I have now expressed. But you will understand they are of the most private nature, and that I expect secrecy under the strictest personal penalty."

"I shall be silent, sir," replied the young Englishman, still struggling with suppressed passion, "on every thing respecting the character of a maiden whom I am bound to respect so highly. But the fear of no man's displeasure can add a feather's weight to the guarantee of my own honour."

"Be it so," said Rudolf; "it is not my wish

to awake angry feelings; but I am desirous, both for the sake of your good opinion, which I value, and also for the plainer explanation of what I have darkly intimated, to communicate to you what otherwise I would much rather have left untold."

"You must be guided by your own sense of what is necessary and proper in the case, answered Philipson; "but remember I press not on your confidence for the communication of any thing that ought to remain secret, far less where that young lady is the subject."

Rudolf answered, after a minute's pause, — "Thou hast seen and heard too much, Arthur, not to learn the whole, or at least all that I know, or apprehend, on the mysterious subject. It is impossible but the circumstances must at times recur to your recollection, and I am desirous that you should possess all the information necessary to understand them as clearly as the nature of the facts will permit. We have yet, keeping leftward to view the bog, nearly a mile to make ere the circuit of the castle is accomplished. It will afford leisure enough for the tale I have to tell."

"Speak on — I listen!" answered the Englishman, divided between his desire to know all that it was possible to learn concerning Anne of Geierstein, his dislike to hear her name

pronounced with such pretensions as those of Donnerhugel, and the revival of his original prejudices against the gigantic Swiss, whose manners, always blunt, nearly to coarseness, seemed now marked by assumed superiority and presumption. He listened, however, to his wild tale, and the interest which he took in it soon overpowered all other sensations.

CHAPTER X.

DONNERHUGELS' NARRATIVE.

*These be the adept's doctrines — every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits;
The airy sylphs on the blue ether float:
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the gnome;
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite — the Salamander.*

Anonymous.

I TOLD you, (said Rudolf,) that the Lords of Arnheim, though from father to son they were notoriously addicted to secret studies, were, nevertheless, like the other German nobles, followers of war and the chase. This was pecu-

liarly the case with Anne's maternal grandfather, Herman of Arnheim, who prided himself on possessing a splendid stud of horses, and one steed in particular, the noblest ever known in these circles of Germany. I should make wild work were I to attempt the description of such an animal, so I will content myself with saying his colour was jet-black, without a hair of white either on his face or feet. For this reason, and the wildness of his disposition, his master had termed him Apollyon; a circumstance which was secretly considered as tending to sanction the evil reports which touched the house of Arnheim, being, it was said, the naming of a favourite animal after a foul fiend.

It chanced, one November day, that the Baron had been hunting in the forest, and did not reach home till nightfall. There were no guests with him, for, as I hinted to you before, the castle of Arnheim seldom received any other than those from whom its inhabitants hoped to gain augmentation of knowledge. The Baron was seated alone in his hall, illuminated with cressets and torches. His one hand held a volume covered with characters unintelligible to all save himself. The other rested on the marble table, on which was placed a flask of Tokay wine. A page stood in respectful attendance near the bottom of the large and dim

apartment, and no sound was heard save that of the night wind, when it sighed mournfully through the rusty coats of mail, and waved the tattered banners which were the tapestry of the feudal hall. At once the footstep of a person was heard ascending the stairs in haste and trepidation; the door of the hall was thrown violently open, and, terrified to a degree of ecstasy, Caspar, the head of the Baron's stable, or his master of horse, stumbled up almost to the foot of the table at which his lord was seated, with the exclamation in his mouth, —

“My lord, my lord, a fiend is in the stable.”

“What means this folly?” said the Baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual.

“Let me endure your displeasure,” said Caspar, “if I speak not truth! Apollyon — —”

Here he paused.

“Speak out, thou frightened fool,” said the Baron; “is my horse sick, or injured?”

The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word, “Apollyon!”

“Say on,” said the Baron; “were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind.”

“The devil,” answered the master of the horse, “is in Apollyon's stall!”

“Fool!” exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; “what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion? Things like thee, that are born to serve us, should hold their brains on a firmer tenure, for our sakes, if not for that of their worthless selves.”

As he spoke, he crossed the court-yard of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables which occupied all the lower part of the quadrangle on one side. He entered, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows, on each side of the ample hall. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff-coat which formed the trooper's under garment. The Baron, followed by one or two of the domestics, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm hastened up betwixt the rows of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favourite horse, which was the uppermost of the right-hand row, the good steed neither neighed, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach; a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment of the Baron's presence.

Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered

that there was indeed a tall dark figure standing in the stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. "Who art thou," said the Baron, "and what dost thou here?"

"I seek refuge and hospitality," replied the stranger; "and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of thy horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so as they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost."

"Thou art, then, a brother of the Sacred Fire," said Baron Herrman of Arnheim; "and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requirest of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time, dost thou crave my protection?"

"From those," replied the stranger, "who shall arrive in quest of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period."

"I may not refuse thee," said the Baron, "consistently with my oath and my honour. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, Let the Stronger protect the weaker brother, says also, let the Wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge. I am the stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the

wiser, and must instruct me in the more secret mysteries."

"You mock your servant," said the strange visitor; "but if aught is known to Dannische-mend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son."

"Come forth then from thy place of refuge," said the Baron of Arnheim. "I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrant for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend."

The stranger came forth accordingly; and those who saw the singularity of his appearance, scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall-master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall to which the Baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcome and honoured guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall, and of dignified aspect. His dress was Asiatic, being a long black caftan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and a lofty square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long white beard, that flowed down over his

bosom. His gown was fastened by a sash of black silk net-work, in which, instead of a poniard or sword, was stuck a silver case, containing writing materials, and a roll of parchment. The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light seemed to glow with such liveliness, as if the gem itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment, the stranger replied, "Bread I may not eat, water shall not moisten my lips, until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold."

The Baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed, and fresh torches to be lighted, and sending his whole household to rest remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At the dead hour of midnight, the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as if of a herald, was heard to demand his lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hali. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers, and the language which they used was either entirely foreign, or so largely interspersed with strange words, that he could not

understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, "For a year and a day, then, I forbear my forfeiture; — but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood."

From that period Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never for any purpose crossed the drawbridge. His amusements, or studies, seemed centred in the library of the castle, and in the laboratory, where the Baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, excepting his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. The chaplain did indeed profess himself satisfied with the state of the stranger's conscience; but it had been long suspected, that the worthy ecclesiastic held his easy office on the very reasonable condition, of approving the principles, and asserting the orthodoxy, of all guests whom the Baron invited to share his hospitality.

It was observed that Dannischemend was rigid in paying his devotions, by prostrating himself

in the first rays of the rising sun, and that he constructed a silver lamp of the most beautiful proportions, which he placed on a pedestal, representing a truncated column of marble, having its base sculptured with hieroglyphical imagery. With what essences he fed this flame was unknown to all, unless perhaps to the Baron; but the flame was more steady, pure, and lustrous, than any which was ever seen, excepting the sun of heaven itself, and it was generally believed that Dannischemend made it an object of worship in the absence of that blessed luminary. Nothing else was observed of him, unless that his morals seemed severe, his gravity extreme, his general mode of life very temperate, and his fasts and vigils of frequent recurrence. Except on particular occasions, he spoke to no one of the castle but the Baron; but, as he had money and was liberal, he was regarded by the domestics with awe indeed, but without fear or dislike.

Winter was succeeded by spring, summer brought her flowers, and autumn her fruits, which ripened and were fading, when a footpage, who sometimes attended them in the laboratory to render manual assistance when required, heard the Persian say to the Baron of Arnheim, «You will do well, my son, to mark my words; for my lessons to you are drawing

to an end, and there is no power on earth which can longer postpone my fate."

"Alas, my master!" said the Baron, "and must I then lose the benefit of your direction, just when your guiding hand becomes necessary to place me on the very pinnacle of the temple of wisdom?"

"Be not discouraged, my son," answered the sage; "I will bequeath the task of perfecting you in your studies to my daughter, who will come hither on purpose. But remember if you value the permanence of your family, look not upon her as aught else than a helpmate in your studies; for if you forget the instructress in the beauty of the maiden, you will be buried with your sword and your shield, as the last male of your house; and farther evil, believe me, will arise; for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example. — But hush, we are observed."

The household of the castle of Arnheim having but few things to interest them, were the more eager observers of those which came under their notice; and when the termination of the period when the Persian was to receive shelter in the castle began to approach, some of the inmates, under various pretexts, but which resolved into very terror, absconded, while others held themselves in expectation of some striking

and terrible catastrophe. None such, however, took place; and, on the expected anniversary, long ere the witching hour of midnight, Dan-nischemend terminated his visit in the castle of Arnheim, by riding away from the gate in the guise of an ordinary traveller. The Baron had meantime taken leave of his tutor with many marks of regret, and some which amounted even to sorrow. The sage Persian comforted him by a long whisper, of which the last part only was heard, — "By the first beam of sunshine she will be with you. Be kind to her, but not over kind." He then departed, and was never again seen or heard of in the vicinity of Arnheim.

The Baron was observed during all the day after the departure of the stranger to be particularly melancholy. He remained, contrary to his custom, in the great hall, and neither visited the library nor the laboratory, where he could no longer enjoy the company of his departed instructor. At dawn of the ensuing morning, Sir Herman summoned his page, and, contrary to his habits, which used to be rather careless in respect of apparel, he dressed himself with great accuracy; and, as he was in the prime of life, and of a noble figure, he had reason to be satisfied with his appearance. Having performed his toilet, he waited till the sun

had just appeared above the horizon, and, taking from the table the key of the laboratory, which the page believed must have lain there all night, he walked thither, followed by his attendant. At the door the Baron made a pause, and seemed at one time to doubt whether he should not send away the page, at another to hesitate whether he should open the door, as one might do who expected some strange sight within. He pulled up resolution, however, turned the key, threw the door open, and entered. The page followed close behind his master, and was astonished to the point of extreme terror at what he beheld, although the sight, however extraordinary, had in it nothing save what was agreeable and lovely.

The silver lamp was extinguished, or removed from its pedestal, where stood in place of it a most beautiful female figure in the Persian costume, in which the colour of pink predominated. But she wore no turban or head-dress of any kind, saving a blue ribband drawn through her auburn hair, and secured by a gold clasp, the outer side of which was ornamented by a superb opal, which, amid the changing lights peculiar to that gem, displayed a slight tinge of red like a spark of fire.

The figure of this young person was rather under the middle size, but perfectly well form-

ed; the Eastern dress, with the wide trowsers gathered round the ankles, made visible the smallest and most beautiful feet which had ever been seen, while hands and arms of the most perfect symmetry were partly seen from under the folds of the robe. The little lady's countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick dark eye, with its beautifully formed eye-brow, seemed to presage the arch remark, to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

The pedestal on which she stood, or rather was perched, would have appeared unsafe had any figure heavier than her own been placed there. But, however she had been transported thither, she seemed to rest on it as lightly and safely as a linnet, when it has dropped from the sky on the tendril of a rose-but. The first beam of the rising sun, falling through a window directly opposite to the pedestal, increased the effect of this beautiful figure, which remained as motionless as if it had been carved in marble. She only expressed her sense of the Baron of Arnheim's presence by something of a quicker respiration, and a deep blush, accompanied by a slight smile.

Whatever reason the Baron of Arnheim might have for expecting to see some such object as

now presented its actual presence, the degree of beauty which it exhibited was so much beyond his expectation, that for an instant he stood without breath or motion. At once, however, he seemed to recollect that it was his duty to welcome the fair stranger to his castle, and to relieve her from her precarious situation. He stepped forward accordingly with the words of welcome on his tongue, and was extending his arms to lift her from the pedestal, which was nearly six feet high; but the light and active stranger merely accepted the support of his hand, and descended on the floor as light and as safe as if she had been formed of gossamer. It was, indeed, only by the momentary pressure of her little hand, that the Baron of Arnheim was made sensible that he had to do with a being of flesh and blood.

"I am come as I have been commanded," she said, looking around her. "You must expect a strict and diligent mistress, and I hope for the credit of an attentive pupil."

After the arrival of this singular and interesting being in the castle of Arnheim, various alterations took place within the interior of the household. A lady of high rank and small fortune, the respectable widow of a Count of the Empire, who was the Baron's blood relation, received and accepted an invitation to

preside over her kinsman's domestic affairs, and remove, by her countenance, any suspicions which might arise from the presence of Hermione, as the beautiful Persian was generally called.

The Countess Waldstetten carried her complaisance so far, as to be present on almost all occasions, whether in the laboratory or library, when the Baron of Arnheim received lessons from, or pursued studies with, the young and lovely tutor who had been thus strangely substituted for the aged Magus. If this lady's report was to be trusted, their pursuits were of a most extraordinary nature, and the results which she sometimes witnessed, were such as to create fear as well as surprise. But she strongly vindicated them from practising unlawful arts, or overstepping the boundaries of natural science.

A better judge of such matters, the Bishop of Bamberg himself, made a visit to Arnheim, on purpose to witness the wisdom of which so much was reported through the whole Rhine-country. He conversed with Hermione, and found her deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and so perfectly acquainted with its doctrines, that he compared her to a doctor of theology in the dress of an Eastern dancing-girl. When asked regarding her knowledge of

languages and science, he answered, that he had been attracted to Arnheim by the most extravagant reports on these points, but that he must return confessing „the half thereof had not been told unto him.

In consequence of this indisputable testimony, the sinister reports which had been occasioned by the singular appearance of the fair stranger, were in a great measure lulled to sleep, especially as her amiable manners won the involuntary good-will of every one that approached her.

Meantime a marked alteration began to take place in the interviews between the lovely tutor and her pupil. These were conducted with the same caution as before, and never, so far as could be observed, took place without the presence of the Countess of Waldstetten, or some other third person of respectability. But the scenes of these meetings were no longer the scholar's library, or the chemist's laboratory; — the gardens, the groves, were resorted to for amusement, and parties of hunting and fishing, with evenings spent in the dance, seemed to announce that the studies of wisdom were for a time abandoned for the pursuits of pleasure. It was not difficult to guess the meaning of this; the Baron of Arnheim and his fair guest, speaking a language different from all others,

could enjoy their private conversation, even amid all the tumult of gaiety around them; and no one was surprised to hear it formally announced, after a few weeks of gaiety, that the fair Persian was to be wedded to the Baron of Arnheim.

The manners of this fascinating young person were so pleasing, her conversation so animated, her wit so keen, yet so well tempered with good nature and modesty, that, notwithstanding her unknown origin, her high fortune attracted less envy than might have been expected in a case so singular. Above all, her generosity amazed and won the hearts of all the young persons who approached her. Her wealth seemed to be measureless, for the jewels which she distributed among her fair friends would otherwise have left her without ornaments for herself. These good qualities, her liberality above all, together with a simplicity of thought and character, which formed a beautiful contrast to the depth of acquired knowledge which she was well known to possess, — these, and her total want of ostentation, made her superiority be pardoned among her companions. Still there was notice taken of some peculiarities, exaggerated perhaps by envy, which seemed to draw a mystical distinction between the beautiful

Hermione and the mere mortals with whom she lived and conversed.

In the merry dance she was so unrivalled in lightness and agility, that her performance seemed that of an aerial being. She could, without suffering from her exertion, continue the pleasure till she had tired out the most active revellers; and even the young Duke of Hochspringen, who was reckoned the most indefatigable at that exercise in Germany, having been her partner for half an hour, was compelled to break off the dance, and throw himself, totally exhausted on a couch, exclaiming, he had been dancing not with a woman, but with an *ignis fatuus*.

Other whispers averred, that while she played with her young companions in the labyrinth and mazes of the castle gardens at hide-and-seek, or similar games of activity, she became animated with the same supernatural alertness which was supposed to inspire her in the dance. She appeared amongst her companions and vanished from them, with a degree of rapidity which was inconceivable; and hedges, treillage, or such like obstructions, were surmounted by her in a manner which the most vigilant eye could not detect; for, after being observed on the other side of the barrier at one instant, in another she was beheld close beside the spectator.

In such moments, when her eyes sparkled, her cheeks reddened, and her whole frame became animated, it was pretended that the opal clasp amid her tresses, the ornament which she never laid aside, shot forth the little spark, or tongue of flame, which it always displayed, with an increased vivacity. In the same manner, if in the twilight hall the conversation of Hermione became unusually animated, it was believed that the jewel became brilliant, and even displayed a twinkling and flashing gleam which seemed to be emitted by the gem itself, and not produced in the usual manner, by the reflection of some external light. Her maidens were also heard to surmise, that when their mistress was agitated by any hasty or brief resentment, (the only weakness of temper which she was ever observed to display,) they could observe dark-red sparks flash from the mystic brooch, as if it sympathized with the wearer's emotions. The women who attended on her toilette farther reported, that this gem was never removed but for a few minutes, when the Baroness's hair was combed out; that she was unusually pensive and silent during the time it was laid aside, and particularly apprehensive when any liquid was brought near it. Even in the use of holy water at the door of the church, she was observed to omit the sign of the cross

on the forehead, for fear, it was supposed, of the water touching the valued jewel.

These singular reports did not prevent the marriage of the Baron of Arnheim from proceeding as had been arranged. It was celebrated in the usual form, and with the utmost splendour, and the young couple seemed to commence a life of happiness rarely to be found on earth. In the course of twelve months, the lovely Baroness presented her husband with a daughter, which was to be christened Sybilla, after the Count's mother. As the health of the child was excellent, the ceremony was postponed till the recovery of the mother from her confinement; many were invited to be present on the occasion, and the castle was thronged with company.

It happened, that amongst the guests was an old lady, notorious for playing in private society the part of a malicious fairy in a minstrel's tale. This was the Baroness of Steinfeldt, famous in the neighbourhood for her insatiable curiosity and overweening pride. She had not been many days in the castle, ere, by the aid of a female attendant, who acted as an intelligencer, she had made herself mistress of all that was heard, said, or suspected concerning the peculiarities of the Baroness Hermione. It was on the morning of the day appointed

for the christening, while the whole company were assembled in the hall, and waiting till the Baroness should appear, to pass with them to the chapel, that there arose between the censorious and haughty dame whom we have just mentioned, and the Countess Waldstetten, a violent discussion concerning some point of disputed precedence. It was referred to the Baron von Arnheim, who decided in favour of the Countess. Madame de Steinfeldt instantly ordered her palfrey to be prepared, and her attendants to mount.

“I leave this place,” she said, “which a good Christian ought never to have entered; I leave a house of which the master is a sorcerer, the mistress a demon who dares not cross her brow with holy water, and their trencher companion one, who for a wretched pittance is willing to act as match-maker between a wizard and an incarnate fiend!”

She then departed, with rage in her countenance, and spite in her heart.

The Baron of Arnheim then stepped forward, and demanded of the knights and gentlemen around, if there were any among them who would dare to make good with his sword the infamous falsehoods thrown upon himself, his spouse, and his kinswoman.

There was a general answer, utterly refusing to defend the Baroness of Steinfeldt's words in so bad a cause, and universally testifying the belief of the company that she spoke in the spirit of calumny and falsehood.

"Then let that lie fall to the ground, which no man of courage will hold up," said the Baron of Arnheim; "only, all who are here this morning shall be satisfied whether the Baroness Hermione doth or doth not share the rites of Christianity."

The Countess of Waldstetten made anxious signs to him while he spoke thus; and when the crowd permitted her to approach near him, she was heard to whisper, "O, be not rash! try no experiment! there is something mysterious about that opal talisman; be prudent and let the matter pass by."

The Baron, who was in a more towering passion than well became the wisdom to which he made pretence — although it will be perhaps allowed, that an affront so public, and in such a time and place, was enough to shake the prudence of the most staid, and the philosophy of the most wise — answered sternly and briefly, "Are you, too, such a fool?" and retained his purpose.

The Baroness of Arnheim at this moment entered the hall, looking just so pale from her

late confinement, as to render her lovely countenance more interesting, if less animated, than usual. Having paid her compliments to the assembled company, with the most graceful and condescending attention, she was beginning to inquire why Madam de Steinfeldt was not present, when her husband made the signal for the company to move forward to the chapel, and lent the Baroness his arm to bring up the rear. The chapel, was nearly filled by the splendid company, and all eyes were bent on their host and hostess, as they entered the place of devotion immediately after four young ladies, who supported the infant babe in a light and beautiful litter.

As they passed the threshold, the Baron dipt his finger in the font-stone, and offered holy water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own. But then, as if to confute the calumnies of the malevolent lady of Steinfeldt, with an air of sportive familiarity which was rather unwarranted by the time and place, he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted, shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble, while the beau-

tiful Baroness sunk on the floor of the chapel with a deep sigh of pain. All crowded around her in dismay. The unfortunate Hermione was raised from the ground, and conveyed to her chamber; and so much did her countenance and pulse alter, within the short time necessary to do this, that those who looked upon her pronounced her a dying woman. She was no sooner in her own apartment than she requested to be left alone with her husband. He remained an hour in the room, and when he came out he locked and double locked the door behind him. He then betook himself to the chapel, and remained there for an hour or more, prostrated before the altar.

In the meantime, most of the guests had dispersed in dismay; though some abode out of courtesy or curiosity. There was a general sense of impropriety in suffering the door of the sick lady's apartment to remain locked; but, alarmed at the whole circumstances of her illness, it was some time ere any one dared disturb the devotions of the Baron. At length medical aid arrived, and the Countess of Waldstetten took upon her to demand the key. She spoke more than once to a man, who seemed incapable of hearing, at least of understanding, what she said. At length he gave her the key, and added sternly, as he did so, that all aid

was unavailing, and that it was his pleasure that all strangers should leave the castle. There were few who inclined to stay, when, upon opening the door of the chamber in which the Baroness had been deposited little more than two hours before, no traces of her could be discovered, unless that there was about a handful of light grey ashes, like such as might have been produced by burning fine paper, found on the bed where she had been laid. A solemn funeral was nevertheless performed, with masses, and all other spiritual rites, for the soul of the high and noble Lady Hermione of Arnheim; and it was exactly on that same day three years that the Baron himself was laid in the grave of the same chapel of Arnheim, with sword, shield, and helmet, as the last male of his family.

Here the Swiss paused, for they were approaching the bridge of the castle of Graffslust.

CHAPTER XI.

*— Believe me, sir,
It carries a rare form — But 'tis a spirit.*

The Tempest.

THERE was a short silence after the Bernese had concluded his singular tale. Arthur Philipson's attention had been gradually and intensely attracted by a story, which was too much in unison with the received ideas of the age to be encountered by the unhesitating incredulity with which it must have been heard in later and more enlightened times.

He was also considerably struck by the manner in which it had been told by the narrator, whom he had hitherto only regarded in the

light of a rude huntsman or soldier; whereas he now allowed Donnerhugel credit for a more extensive acquaintance with the general manners of the world than he had previously anticipated. The Swiss rose in his opinion as a man of talent, but without making the slightest progress in his affections. "The swashbuckler," he said to himself, "has brains, as well as brawn and bones, and is fitter for the office of commanding others than I formerly thought him." Then, turning to his companion, he thanked him for the tale, which had shortened the way in so interesting a manner.

"And it is from this singular marriage," he continued, "that Anne of Geierstein derives her origin?"

"Her mother," answered the Swiss, "was Sybilla of Arnheim, the infant at whose christening the mother died — disappeared — or whatever you may list to call it. The barony of Arnheim, being a male fief, reverted to the Emperor. The castle has never been inhabited since the death of the last lord; and has as I have heard, become in some sort ruinous. The occupations of its ancient proprietors, and, above all, the catastrophe of its last inhabitant, have been thought to render it no eligible place of residence."

“Did there appear anything preternatural,” said the Englishman, “about the young Baroness, who married the brother of the Landamman?”

“So far as I have heard,” replied Rudolf, “there were strange stories. It was said that the nurses, at the dead of night, have seen Hermione, the last Baroness of Arnheim, stand weeping by the side of the child’s cradle, and other things to the same purpose. But here I speak from less correct information than that from which I drew my former narrative.”

“And since the credibility of a story, not very probable in itself, must needs be granted, or withheld, according to the evidence on which it is given, may I ask you,” said Arthur, “to tell me what is the authority on which you have so much reliance?”

“Willingly,” answered the Swiss. “Know that Theodore Donnerhugel, the favourite page of the last Baron of Arnheim, was my father’s brother. Upon his master’s death, he retired to his native town of Berne, and most of his time was employed in training me up to arms and martial exercises, as well according to the fashion of Germany as of Switzerland, for he was master of all. He witnessed with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, great part of the melancholy and mysterious events which

I have detailed to you. Should you ever visit Berne, you may see the good old man."

"You think, then," said Arthur, "that the appearance which I have this night seen, is connected with the mysterious marriage of Anne of Geierstein's grandfather?"

"Nay," replied Rudolf, "think not that I can lay down any positive explanation of a thing so strange. I can only say, that, unless I did you the injustice to disbelieve your testimony respecting the apparition of this evening, I know no way to account for it, except by remembering that there is a portion of the young lady's blood which is thought not to be derived from the race of Adam, but more or less directly from one of those elementary spirits, which have been talked of both in ancient and modern times. But I may be mistaken. We will see how she bears herself in the morning, and whether she carries in her looks the weariness and paleness of a midnight watcher. If she doth not, we may be authorized in thinking, either that your eyes have strangely deceived you, or that they have been cheated by some spectral appearance, which is not of this world."

To this the young Englishman attempted no reply, nor was there time for any; for they

were immediately afterwards challenged by the sentinel from the drawbridge.

The question, "Who goes there?" was twice satisfactorily answered, before Sigismund would admit the patrol to cross the drawbridge.

"Ass and mule that thou art," said Rudolf, "what was the meaning of thy delay?"

"Ass and mule thyself Hauptmann!" said the Swiss, in answer to this objurgation. "I have been surprised by a goblin on my post once to-night already, and I have got so much experience upon that matter, that I will not easily be caught a second time."

"What goblin, thou fool," said Donnerhugel, "would be idle enough to play his gambols at the expense of so very poor an animal as thou art?"

"Thou art as cross as my father, Hauptman," replied Sigismund, "who cries fool and block-head at every word I speak; and yet I have lips, teeth, and tongue to speak with, just like other folk."

"We will not contest the matter, Sigismund," said Rudolf. "It is clear, that if thou dost differ from other people, it is in a particular which thou canst be hardly expected to find out or acknowledge. But what, in the name of simplicity, is it which hath alarmed thee on thy post?"

“Marry, thus it was, Hauptman,” returned Sigismund Biederman. “I was something tired, you see, with looking up at the broad moon, and thinking what in the universe it could be made of, and how we came to see it just as well here as at home, this place being so many miles from Geierstein. I was tired, I say, of this and other perplexing thoughts, so I drew my fur cap down over my ears, for I promise you the wind blew shrill; and then I planted myself firm on my feet, with one of my legs a little advanced, and both my hands resting on my partizan, which I placed upright before me to rest upon; and so I shut mine eyes.”

“Shut thine eyes, Sigismund, and upon thy watch!” exclaimed Donnerhugel.

“Care not thou for that,” answered Sigismund; “I kept my ears open. And yet it was to little purpose, for something came upon the bridge with a step as stealthy as that of a mouse. I looked up with a start at the moment it was opposite to me, and when I looked up — whom think you I saw?”

“Some fool like thyself,” said Rudolf, at the same time pressing Philipson’s foot to make him attent to the answer; a hint which was little necessary, since he waited for it in the utmost agitation. Out it came at last,

“By Saint Mark, it was our own Anne of Geierstein!”

“It is impossible!” replied the Bernese.

“I should have said so too,” quoth Sigismund, “for I had peeped into her bed-room before she went thither, and it was so bedizened that a queen or a princess might have slept in it; and why should the wench get out of her good quarters, with all her friends about her to guard her, and go out to wander in the forest?”

“May be,” said Rudolf, “she only looked from the bridge to see how the night waned.”

“No,” said Sigismund; “she was returning from the forest. I saw her when she reached the end of the bridge, and thought of striking at her, conceiving it to be the devil in her likeness. But I remembered my halbert is no birch switch to chastise boys and girls with; and had I done Anne any harm, you would all have been angry with me, and, to speak truth, I should have been ill-pleased with myself; for although she doth make a jest of me now and then, yet it were a dull house ours were we to lose Anne.”

“Ass,” answered the Bernese, “didst thou speak to this form, or goblin, as you call it?”

“Indeed I did not Captain Wiseacre. My father is ever angry with me when I speak

without thinking, and I could not at that particular moment think on any thing to the purpose. Neither was there time to think, for she passed me like a snow-flake upon a whirlwind. I marched into the castle after her, however, calling on her by name; so the sleepers were awakened, and men flew to their arms, and there was as much confusion as if Archibald of Hagenbach had been amongst us with sword and pike. And who should come out of her little bedroom, as much startled and as much in a bustle as any of us, but Mistress Anne herself! And as she protested she had never left her room that night, why I, Sigismund Biederman, was made to stand the whole blame, as if I could prevent people's ghosts from walking. But I told her my mind when I saw them all so set against me. 'And Mistress Anne,' quoth I, 'it's well known the kindred you come of; and, after this fair notice, if you send any of your double-gangers to me, let them put iron skull-caps on their heads, for I will give them the length and weight of a Swiss halbert, come in what shape they list.' However, they all cried 'Shame on me!' and my father drove me out again, with as little remorse as if I had been the old house-dog, which had stolen in from his watch to the fireside."

The Bernese replied, with an air of coldness

approaching to contempt, "You have slept on your watch, Sigismund, a high military offence, and you have dreamed while you slept. You were in good luck that the Landamman did not suspect your negligence, or, instead of being sent back to your duty like a lazy watch-dog, you might have been scourged back like a faithless one to your kennel at Geierstein, as chanced to poor Ernest for a less matter."

"Ernest has not yet gone back though," said Sigismund, "and I think he may pass as far into Burgundy as we shall do in this journey. I pray you, however, Hauptman, to treat me not dog-like, but as a man, and send some one to relieve me, instead of prating here in the cold night air. If there be any thing to do to-morrow, as I well guess there may, a mouthful of food, and a minute of sleep, will be but a fitting preparative, and I have stood watch here these two mortal hours."

With that the young giant yawned portentously, as if to enforce the reasons of his appeal.

"A mouthful and a minute?" said Rudolf, — "a roasted ox, and a lethargy like that of the Seven Sleepers, would scarce restore you to the use of your refreshed and waking senses. But I am your friend Sigismund, and you are secure in my favourable report; you shall be in-

stantly relieved, that you may sleep, if it be possible, without disturbances from dreams. — Pass on, young men, (addressing the others, who by this time had come up,) and go to your rest; Arthur of England and I will report to the Landamman and the Banneret the account of our patrol.”

The patrol accordingly entered the castle, and were soon heard joining their slumbering companions. Rudolf Donnerhugel seized Arthur's arm, and, while they went towards the hall, whispered in his ear, —

“These are strange passages! — How think you we should report them to the Deputation?”

“That I must refer to yourself,” said Arthur; “you are the captain of our watch. I have done my duty in telling you what I saw — or thought I saw — it is for you to judge how far it is fitting to communicate it to the Landamman; only, as it concerns the honour of his family, to his ear alone I think it should be confided.”

“I see no occasion for that,” said the Bernese hastily; “it cannot affect or interest our general safety. But I may take occasion hereafter to speak with Anne on this subject.”

This latter hint gave as much pain to Arthur, as the general proposal of silence on an affair so delicate had afforded him satisfaction. But.

his uneasiness was of a kind which he felt it necessary to suppress, and he therefore replied with as much composure as he could assume. —

“You will act, Sir Hauptman, as your sense of duty and delicacy shall dictate. For me, I shall be silent on what you call the strange passages of the night, rendered doubly wonderful by the report of Sigismund Biederman.”

“And also on what you have seen and heard concerning our auxiliaries of Berne?” said Rudolf.

“On that I shall certainly be silent,” said Arthur; “unless thus far, that I mean to communicate to my father the risk of his baggage being liable to examination and seizure at La Ferette.”

“It is needless,” said Rudolf; “I will answer with head and hand for the safety of every thing belonging to him.”

“I thank you in his name,” said Arthur; “but we are peaceful travellers, to whom it must be much more desirable to avoid a broil than to give occasion for one, even when secure of coming out of it triumphantly.”

“These are the sentiments of a merchant, but not of a soldier,” said Rudolf, in a cold and displeased tone; “but the matter is your own, and you must act in it as you think

best. Only, remember if you go to La Ferette without us, you hazard both goods and life."

They entered, as he spoke, the apartment of their fellow travellers. The companions of their patrol had already laid themselves down amongst their sleeping comrades at the lower end of the room. The Landamman and the Bannerman of Berne heard Donnerhugel make a report, that his patrol, both before and after midnight, had been made in safety and without any encounter which expressed either danger or suspicion. The Bernese then wrapped him in his cloak, and lying down on the straw, with that happy indifference to accommodation, and promptitude to seize the moment of repose, which is acquired by a life of vigilance and hardship, was in a few minutes fast asleep.

Arthur remained on foot but a little longer to dart an earnest look on the door of Anne of Geierstein's apartment, and to reflect on the wonderful occurrences of the evening. But they formed a chaotic mystery, for which he could see no clew, and the necessity of holding instant communication with his father obliged him forcibly to turn his thoughts in that direction. He was obliged, to observe caution and secrecy in accomplishing his purpose. For this he laid himself down beside his parent, whose couch, with the hospitality which he had

experienced from the beginning of his intercourse with the kind-hearted Swiss, had been arranged in what was thought the most convenient place of the apartment, and somewhat apart from all others. He slept sound, but awoke at the touch of his son, who whispered to him in English, for the greater precaution, that he had important tidings for his private ear.

“An attack on our post?” — said the elder Philipson; “must we take to our weapons?”

“Not now,” said Arthur; “and I pray of you not to rise or make alarm — this matter concern us alone.”

“Tell it instantly, my son, replied his father; “you speak to one too much used to danger to be startled at it.”

“It is a case for your wisdom to consider,” said Arthur. “I had information while upon the patrol, that the Governor of La Ferette will unquestionably seize upon your baggage and merchandize under pretext of levying dues claimed by the Duke of Burgundy. I have also been informed that our escort of Swiss youth are determined to resist this exaction, and conceive themselves possessed of the numbers and means sufficient to do so successfully.”

“By St George, that must not be!” said the elder Philipson; “it would be an evil requital to the true-hearted Landamman, to give the

fiery Duke a pretext for that which the excellent old man is so anxiously desirous to avoid, if it be possible. Any exactions, however unreasonable, I will gladly pay. But to have my papers seized on were utter ruin. I partly feared this, and it made me unwilling to join myself to the Landamman's party. We must now break off from it. This rapacious governor will not surely lay hands on the deputation, which seeks his master's court under protection of the law of nations; but I can easily see how he might make our presence with them a pretext for quarrel, which will equally suit his own avaricious spirit and the humour of these fiery young men, who are seeking for matter of offence. This shall not be taken for our sake. We will separate ourselves from the deputies, and remain behind till they are passed on. If this De Hagenbach be not the most unreasonable of men, I will find a way to content him so far as we are individually concerned. Meanwhile, I will instantly wake the Landamman," he said, "and acquaint him with our purpose."

This was immediately done, for Philipson was not slow in the execution of his resolutions. In a minute he was standing by the side of Arnold Biederman, who, raised on his elbow, was listening to his communication, while, over

the shoulder of the Landamman, rose the head and long beard of the deputy from Schwitz, his large clear blue eyes gleaming from beneath a fur cap, bent on the Englishman's face, but stealing a glance aside now and then to mark the impression which what was said made upon his colleague.

"Good friend and host," said the elder Philipson, "we have heard for a certainty that our poor merchandize will be subjected to taxation or seizure on our passage through La Ferette, and I would gladly avoid all cause of quarrel, for your sake as well as our own."

"You do not doubt that we can and will protect you?" replied the Landamman. "I tell you, Englishman, that the guest of a Swiss is as safe by his side as an eaglet under the wing of its dam; and to leave us because danger approaches, is but a poor compliment to our courage or constancy. I am desirous of peace; but not the Duke of Burgundy himself should wrong a guest of mine, so far as my power might prevent it."

At this the deputy from Schwitz clenched a fist like a bull's knuckles, and showed it above the shoulders of his friend.

"It is even to avoid this, my worthy host," replied Philipson, "that I intend to separate from your friendly company sooner than I de-

sire or purposed. Bethink you, my brave and worthy host, you are an ambassador seeking peace, I a trader seeking gain. War, or quarrels which may cause war, are alike ruinous to your purpose and mine. I confess to you frankly, that I am willing and able to pay a large ransom, and when you are departed I will negotiate for the amount. I will abide in the town of Bâle till I have made fair terms with Archibald de Hagenbach; and even if he is the avaritious extortioner you describe him, he will be somewhat moderate with me, rather than run the risk of losing his booty entirely, by my turning back or taking another route."

"You speak wisely, Sir Englishman," said the Landamman; "and I thank you for recalling my duty to my remembrance. But you must not, nevertheless, be exposed to danger. So soon as we move forward, the country will be again open to the devastations of the Burgundian Riders and Lanzknechts, who will sweep the roads in every direction. The people of Bâle are unhappily too timorous to protect you; they would yield you up upon the Governor's first hint; and for justice or lenity, you might as well expect it in hell as from Hagenbach."

"There are conjurations, it is said, that can make hell itself tremble," said Philipson; "and

I have means to propitiate even this De Hagenbach, providing I can get to private speech with him. But I own I can expect nothing from his wild riders, but to be put to death for the value of my cloak."

"If that be the case," said the Landamman, "and if you must needs separate from us, for which I deny not that you have alleged wise and worthy reasons, wherefore should you not leave Graffs-lust two hours before us? The roads will be safe, as our escort is expected; and you will probably, if you travel early, find De Hagenbach sober, and as capable as he ever is of hearing reason, — that is, of perceiving his own interest. But, after his breakfast is washed down with Rhine-wein, which he drinks every morning before he hears mass, his fury blinds even his avarice."

"All I want in order to execute this scheme," said Philipson, "is the loan of a mule to carry my valise, which is packed up with your baggage."

"Take the she-mule," said the Landamman; "she belongs to my brother here from Schwitz; he will gladly bestow her on thee."

"If she were worth twenty crowns, and my comrade Arnold desired me to do so," said the old whitebeard.

“I will accept her as a loan with gratitude,” said the Englishman. “But how can you dispense with the use of the creature? You have only one left.”

“We can easily supply our want from Bâle,” said the Landamman. “Nay, we can make this little delay serve your purpose, Sir Englishman. I named for our hour of departure, the first hour after daybreak; we will postpone it to the second hour, which will give us enough of time to get a horse or mule, and you Sir Philipson, space to reach La Ferette, where I trust you will have achieved your business with De Hagenbach to your contentment, and will join company again with us as we travel through Burgundy.”

“If our mutual objects will permit our travelling together, worthy Landamman,” answered the merchant, “I shall esteem myself most happy in becoming the partner of your journey. — And now resume the repose which I have interrupted.”

“God bless you, wise and true-hearted man,” said the Landamman, rising and embracing the Englishman. “Should we never meet again, I will still remember the merchant who neglected thoughts of gain, that he might keep the path of wisdom and rectitude. I know not another

who would not have risked the shedding a lake of blood to save five ounces of gold. — Farewell thou too, gallant young man. Thou hast learned among us to keep thy foot firm while on the edge of a Helvetian crag, but none can teach thee so well as thy father, to keep an upright path among the morasses and precipices of human life."

He then embraced and took a kind farewell of his friends, in which, as usual, he was imitated by his friend of Schwitz, who swept with his long beard the right and left cheeks of both the Englishmen, and again made them heartily welcome to the use of his mule. All then once more composed themselves to rest, for the space which remained before the appearance of the autumnal dawn.

CHAPTER XII.

*The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your
Duke,*

*To merchants, our well dealing countrymen;
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their
blood.*

Comedy of Errors.

THE dawn had scarce begun to touch the distant horizon, when Arthur Philipson was on foot to prepare for his father's departure and his own, which, as arranged on the preceding night, was to take place two hours before the

Landamman and his attendants proposed to leave the ruinous castle of Graffs-lust. It was no difficult matter for him to separate the neatly arranged packages which contained his father's effects, from the clumsy bundles in which the baggage of the Swiss was deposited. The one set of mails was made up with the neatness of men accustomed to long and perilous journeys; the other, with the rude carelessness of those who rarely left their home, and who were altogether inexperienced travellers.

A servant of the Landamman assisted Arthur in this task, and in placing his father's baggage on the mule belonging to the bearded Deputy from Schwitz. From this man also he received instructions concerning the road from Graffs-lust to La Ferette, which was too plain and direct to render it likely that they should incur any risk of losing their way, as had befallen them when travelling on the Swiss mountain. Every thing being now prepared for their departure, the young Englishman awakened his father, and acquainted him that all was ready. He then retired towards the chimney, while his father, according to his daily custom, repeated the prayer of St Julian, the patron of travellers, and adjusted his dress for the journey.

It will not be wondered at, that, while the father went through his devotions, and equipped himself for travel, Arthur, with his heart full of what he had seen of Anne of Geierstein for some time before, and his brain dizzy with the recollection of the incidents of the preceding night, should have kept his eyes riveted on the door of the sleeping apartment at which he had last seen that young person disappear; that is, unless the pale, and seemingly fantastic form, which had twice crossed him so strangely, should prove no wandering spirit of the elements, but the living substance of the person whose appearance it bore. So eager was his curiosity on this subject, that he strained his eyes to the utmost, as if it had been possible for them to have penetrated through wood and walls into the chamber of the slumbering maiden, in order to discover whether her eye or cheek bore any mark that she had last night been a watcher or a wanderer.

“But that was the proof to which Rudolf appealed,” he said, internally, “and Rudolf alone will have the opportunity of remarking the result. Who knows what advantage my communication may give him in his suit with yonder lovely creature? And what must she think of

me, save as one light of thought and loose of tongue, to whom nothing extraordinary can chance, but he must hasten to babble it into the ears of those who are nearest to him at the moment? I would my tongue had been palsied ere I said a syllable to yonder proud, yet wily prizefighter! I shall never see her more — that is to be counted for certain. I shall never know the true interpretation of those mysteries which hang around her. But to think I may have prated something tending to throw her into the power of yonder ferocious boor, will be a subject of remorse to me while I live."

Here he was startled out of his reverie by the voice of his father. "Why, how now, boy; art thou waking, Arthur, or sleeping on thy feet from the fatigue of last night's service?"

"Not so, my father," answered Arthur, at once recollecting himself. "Somewhat drowsy, perhaps; but the fresh morning air will soon put that to flight."

Walking with precaution through the group of sleepers who lay around, the elder Philipson, when they had gained the door of the apartment, turned back, and, looking on the straw couch which the large form of the Landamman, and the silvery beard of his constant compa-

nion, touched by the earliest beams of light, distinguished as that of Arnold Biederman, he muttered between his lips an involuntary adieu.

“Farewell, mirror of ancient faith and integrity, — farewell, noble Arnold, — farewell, soul of truth and candour, — to whom cowardice, selfishness, and falsehood, are alike unknown!”

And farewell, thought his son, to the loveliest, and most candid, yet most mysterious of maidens. — But the adieu, as may well be believed, was not, like that of his father, expressed in words.

They were soon after on the outside of the gate. The Swiss domestic was liberally recompensed, and charged with a thousand kind words of farewell and of remembrance to the Landamman from his English guests, mingled with hopes and wishes that they might soon meet again in the Burgundian territory. The young man then took the bridle of the mule, and led the animal forward on their journey at an easy pace, his father walking by his side.

After a silence of some minutes, the elder Philipson addressed Arthur. “I fear me,” he said, “we shall see the worthy Landamman no

more. The youths who attend him are bent upon taking offence — the Duke of Burgundy will not fail, I fear, to give them ample occasion — and the peace which the excellent man desires for the land of his fathers, will be shipwrecked ere they reach the Duke's presence; though even were it otherwise, how the proudest prince in Europe will brook the moody looks of burgesses and peasants, (so will Charles of Burgundy term the friends we have parted from,) is a question too easily answered. A war, fatal to the interests of all concerned, save Louis of France, will certainly take place; and dreadful must be the contest if the ranks of the Burgundian chivalry shall encounter those iron sons of the mountains, before whom so many of the Austrian nobility have been repeatedly prostrated."

"I am so much convinced of the truth of what you say, my father, replied Arthur, "that I judge even this day will not pass over without a breach of truce. I have already put on my shirt of mail, in case we should meet bad company betwixt Grafs-lust and La Ferette; and I would to Heaven that you would observe the same precaution. It will not delay our journey; and I confess to you, that I, at least, will

travel with much greater consciousness of safety should you do so."

"I understand you, my son," replied the elder Philipson. "But I am a peaceful traveller in the Duke of Burgundy's territories, and must not willingly suppose, that while under the shadow of his banner, I must guard myself against banditti, as if I were in the wilds of Palestine. As for the authority of his officers, and the extent of their exactions, I need not tell you that they are, in our circumstances, things to be submitted to without grief or grudging."

Leaving the two travellers to journey towards La Ferette at their leisure, I must transport my readers to the eastern gate of that small town, which, situated on an eminence, had a commanding prospect on every side, but especially towards Bâle. It did not properly make a part of the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy, but had been placed in his hands in pawn, or in pledge, for the repayment of a considerable sum of money, due to Charles by the Emperor Sigismund of Austria to whom the seigniory of the place belonged in property. But the town lay so conveniently for distressing the commerce of the Swiss, and inflicting on

that people, whom he at once hated and despised, similar marks of his malevolence, as to encourage a general opinion, that the Duke of Burgundy would never listen to any terms of redemption, however equitable or advantageous, which might have the effect of restoring to the Emperor an advanced post, of such consequence to the gratification of his dislike, as the village of La Ferette.

The situation of the little town was in itself strong, but the fortifications which surrounded it were barely sufficient to repel any sudden attack, and not adequate to resist for any length of time a formal siege. The morning beams had shone on the spire, of the church for more than an hour, when a tall, thin, elderly man, wrapt in a morning gown, over which was buckled a broad belt, supporting on the left side a sword, on the right a dagger, approached the barbican of the eastern gate. His bonnet displayed a feather which, or the tail of a fox in lieu of it, was the emblem of gentle blood throughout all Germany, and a badge highly prized by those who had a right to wear it.

The small party of soldiers who had kept watch there during the course of the preceding

night, and supplied sentinels both for ward and out-look, took arms on the appearance of this individual, and drew themselves up in the form of a guard, which receives with military reverence an officer of importance. Archibald de Hagenbach's countenance, for it was the Governor himself, expressed that settled peevishness and ill temper which characterise the morning hours of a valetudinary debauchee. His head throbbed, his pulse was feverish, and his cheek was pale, — symptoms of his having spent the last night, as was his usual custom, amid wine stoups and flagons. Judging from the haste with which his soldiers fell into their ranks, and the awe and silence which reigned among them, it appeared that they were accustomed to expect and dread his ill humour on such occasions. He glanced at them, accordingly, an inquisitive and dissatisfied look, as if he sought something on which to vent his peevishness, and then asked for the "loitering dog Kilian."

Kilian presently made his appearance, a stout hard-favoured man - at arms, a Bavarian by birth, and by rank the personal squire of the Governor.

"What news of the Swiss churls, Kilian?"

demanded Archibald de Hagenbach. "They should, by their thrifty habits, have been on the road two hours since. Have the peasant-clods presumed to ape the manners of gentlemen, and stuck by the flask till cock-crow?"

"By my faith, it may well be," answered Kilian; "the burghers of Bâle gave them full means of carousal."

"How, Kilian? — They dared not offer hospitality to the Swiss drove of bullocks, after the charge we sent them to the contrary?"

"Nay, the Bâlese received them not into the town," replied the squire; "but I learned, by sure espial, that they afforded them means of quartering at Graffs-lust, which was furnished with many a fair gammon and pasty, to speak nought of flasks of Rhine-wine, barrels of beer, and stoups of strong waters"

"The Bâlese shall answer this, Kilian," said the Governor; "do they think I am for ever to be thrusting myself between the Duke and his pleasure on their behalf? — The fat porkers have presumed too much since we accepted some paltry gifts at their hands, more for gracing of them, than for any advantage we could make of their paltry donations. Was it not the wine

from Bâle which we were obliged to drink out in pint goblets, lest it should become sour before morning?"

"It was drunk out, and in pint goblets too," said Kilian; "so much I can well remember."

"Why, go to then," said the Governor; "they shall know, these beasts of Bâle, that I hold myself no way obliged by such donatives as these, and that my remembrance of the wines which I carouse, rests no longer than the head-ach which the mixtures they drug me with never fail of late years to leave behind, for the next morning's pastime."

"Your excellency," replied the squire, "will make it then a quarrel between the Duke of Burgundy and the city of Bâle, that they gave this indirect degree of comfort and assistance to the Swiss deputation?"

"Ay, marry will I," said De Hagenbach, "unless there be wise men among them, who shall show me good reasons for protecting them. Oh, the Bâlese do not know our Noble Duke, nor the gift he hath for chastising the gutter-blooded citizens of a free town. Thou canst tell them, Kilian, as well as any man, how

he dealt with the villains of Liege, when they would needs be pragmatical."

"I will apprise them of the matter," said Kilian, "when opportunity shall serve, and I trust I shall find them in a temper disposed to cultivate your honourable friendship."

"Nay, if it is the same to them it is quite indifferent to me, Kilian," continued the Governor; "but, methinks whole and sound throats are worth some purchase, were it only to swallow black puddings and schwarz-beer, to say nothing of Westphalian hams and Nierensteiner — I say, a slashed throat is a useless thing, Kilian."

"I will make the fat citizens to understand their danger, and the necessity of making interest," answered Kilian. "Sure, I am not now to learn how to turn the ball into your excellency's lap?"

"You speak well," said Sir Archibald; — "but how chanced it thou hast so little to say to the Switzers' leaguer? I should have thought an old trooper like thee would have made their pinions flutter amidst the good cheer thou tellest me of."

"I might as well have annoyed an angry

hedgehog with my bare finger," said Kilian. "I surveyed Graffs-lust myself; — there were sentinels on the castle walls, a sentinel on the bridge, besides a regular patrol of these Swiss fellows who kept strict watch. So that there was nothing to be done, otherwise, knowing your excellency's ancient quarrel, I would have had a hit at them, when they should never have known who hurt them."

"Well, they will be the better worth the looking after when they arrive," said De Hagenbach; "they come forth in state doubtless, with all their finery, their wives' chains of silver, their own medals, and rings of lead and copper. — Ah, the base hinds, they are unworthy that a man of noble blood should ease them of their trash!"

"There is better ware among them, if my intelligence hath not deceived me," replied Kilian; "there are merchants —"

"Pshaw! the pack-horses of Berne and Soleure," said the Governor, "with their paltry lumber, cloth too coarse to make covers for horses of any breeding, and linen that is more like hair-cloth than any composition of flax. I will strip them however, were it but to vex the knaves. What! not content with claiming

to be treated like an independent people, and sending forth deputies and embassies forsooth, they expect, I warrant, to make the indemnities of ambassadors cover the introduction of a cargo of their contraband commodities, and thus insult the noble Duke of Burgundy, and cheat him at the same time? But De Hagenbach is neither knight nor gentleman if he allow them to pass unchallenged."

"And they are better worth being stopped," said Kilian, "than your excellency supposes; for they have English merchants along with them, and under their protection."

"English merchants!" exclaimed De Hagenbach, his eyes sparkling with joy; "English merchants, Kilian! Men talk of Cathay and Ind, where there are mines of silver, and gold, and diamonds; but, on the faith of a gentleman, I believe these brutish islanders have the caves of treasure in their own foggy land! And then the variety of their rich merchandize, — Ha, Kilian! is it a long train of mules — a jolly tinkling team? — By our Lady's glove! the sound of it is already jingling in my ears, more musically than all the harps of all the minnesingers at Heilbron!"

"Nay, my lord, there is no great train, —

only two men, as I am given to understand, with scarce so much baggage as loads a mule; but, it is said, of infinite value, silk and samite, lace and furs, pearls and jewellery-work — perfumes from the East, and gold-work from Venice."

"Raptures and paradise! say not a word more," exclaimed the rapacious knight of Hagenbach; "they are all our own Kilian! Why, these are the very men I have dreamed of twice a-week for this month past — ay, two men of middle stature, or somewhat under it — with smooth, round, fair, comely visages, having stomachs as plump as partridges, and purses as plump as their stomachs — Ha, what say'st thou to my dream, Kilian?"

"Only, that, to be quite soothfast," answered the squire, "it should have included the presence of a score, or thereabouts, of sturdy young giants as ever climbed cliff, or let bolt whistle at a chamois — a lusty plump of clubs, bills, and partisans, such as make shields crack like oaten cakes, and helmets ring like church-bells."

"The better, knave, the better!" exclaimed the Governor, rubbing his hands. "English pedlars to plunder! Swiss bullies to beat into

submission! I wot well, we can have nothing of the Helvetian swine save their beastly bristles — it is lucky they bring these two island sheep along with them. But we must get ready our boar-spears, and clear the clipping-pens for exercise of our craft. — Here, Lieutenant Schonfeldt!”

An officer stepped forth.

“How many men are here on duty?”

“About sixty,” replied the officer. “Twenty out on parties in different directions, and there may be forty or fifty in their quarters.”

“Order them all under arms instantly; — hark ye, not by trumpet or bugle, but by warning them individually in their quarters to draw to arms as quietly as possible, and rendezvous here at the eastern gate. Tell the villains there is booty to be gained, and they shall have their share.”

“On these terms,” said Schonfeldt, “they will walk over a spider’s web without startling the insect that wove it. I will collect them without loss of an instant.”

“I tell thee, Kilian,” continued the exulting commandant, again speaking apart with his confidential attendant, “nothing could come so lu-

ckily as the chance of this onslaught. Duke Charles desires to affront the Swiss, — not, look you, that he cares to act towards them by his own direct orders, in such a manner as might be termed a breach of public faith towards a peaceful embassy; but the gallant follower who shall save his prince the scandal of such an affair, and whose actions may be termed a mistake or misapprehension, shall, I warrant you, be accounted to have done knightly service. Perchance a frown may be passed upon him in public, but in private the Duke will know how to esteem him. — Why standest thou so silent, man, and what ails thy ugly ill-boding aspect? Thou art not afraid of twenty Switzer boys, and we at the head of such a band of spears?"

"The Swiss," answered Kilian, "will give and take good blows, yet I have no fear of them. But I like not that we should trust too much to Duke Charles. That he would be, in the first instance, pleased with any dishonour done the Swiss is likely enough; but if as your excellency hints, he finds it afterwards convenient to disown the action, he is a prince likely to give a lively colour to his disavowal by hanging up the actors."

“Pshaw!” said the commandant, “I know where I stand. Such a trick were like enough to be played by Louis of France, but it is foreign to the blunt character of our Bold One of Burgundy. — Why the devil stand’st thou still, man, simpering like an ape at a roasted chestnut, which he thinks too warm for his fingers?”

“Your excellency is wise as well as warlike,” said the esquire, “and it is not for me to contest your pleasure. But this peaceful embassy — these English merchants — if Charles goes to war with Louis, as the rumour is current, what he should most of all desire is the neutrality of Switzerland, and the assistance of England, whose King is crossing the sea with a great army. Now you, Sir Archibald of Hagenbach, may well do that in the course of this very morning, which will put the Confederated Cantons in arms against Charles, and turn the English from allies into enemies.”

“I care not,” said the commandant; “I know the Duke’s humour well, and if he, the master of so many provinces, is willing to risk them in a self-willed frolic, what is it to Archibald de Hagenbach, who has not a foot of land to lose in the cause?”

“But you have life, my lord,” said the esquire.

“Ay, life!” replied the knight; “a paltry right to exist, which I have been ready to stake every day of my life for dollars — ay, and for creutzers — and think you I will hesitate to pledge it for broad-pieces, jewels of the East, and goldsmith’s work of Venice? No, Kilian; these English must be eased of their bales, that Archibald de Hagenbach may drink a purer flask than their thin Moselle, and wear a brocade doublet instead of greasy velvet. Nor is it less necessary that Kilian should wear a seemly new jerkin, with a purse of ducats to jingle at his girdle.”

“By my faith,” said Kilian, “that last argument hath disarmed my scruples, and I give up the point, since it ill befits me to dispute with your excellency.”

“To the work then,” said his leader. “But stay — we must first take the church along with us. The priest of Saint Paul’s hath been moody of late, and spread abroad strange things from the pulpit, as if we were little better than common pillagers and robbers. Nay, he

hath had the insolence to warn me, as he termed it, twice, in strange form. It were well to break the growling mastiff's bald head; but since that might be ill taken by the Duke, the next point of wisdom is to fling him a bone."

"He may be a dangerous enemy," said the squire dubiously; "his power is great with the people."

"Tush!" replied Hagenbach, "I know how to disarm the shaveling. Send to him, and tell him to come hither to speak with me. Meanwhile have all our force under arms; let the barbican and barrier be well manned with archers; station spearmen in the houses on each hand of the gateway; and let the street be barricaded with carts, well bound together, but placed as if they had been there by accident—place a body of determined fellows in these carts, and behind them. So soon as the merchants and their mules enter, (for that is the main point,) up with your drawbridge, down with the portcullis, send a volley of arrows among those who are without, if they make any scuffle; disarm and secure those who have entered, and are cooped up between the barricade before, and the ambush behind and around them. — And *then*, Kilian —"

“And then,” said his esquire, “shall we, like merry Free Companions, be knuckle deep in the English budgets — —”

“And, like jovial hunters,” replied the knight, “elbow-deep in the Swiss blood.”

“The game will stand at bay though,” answered Kilian. “They are led by that Donnerhugel whom we have heard of, whom they call the Young Bear of Berne. They will turn to their defence.”

“The better, man — wouldst thou kill sheep rather than hunt wolves? Besides, our toils are set, and the whole garrison shall assist. Shame on thee, Kilian, thou wert not wont to have so many scruples!”

“Nor have I now,” said Kilian. “But these Swiss bills and two-handed swords are no child’s-play. — And then if you call all our garrison to the attack, to whom will your excellency intrust the defence of the other gates, and the circuit of the walls?”

“Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates,” replied the Governor, “and bring the keys hither.”

There shall no one leave the place till this affair is over. Let some score of the citizens take arms for the duty of guarding the walls; and look they discharge it well, or I will lay a fine on them which they shall discharge to purpose."

"They will grumble," said Kilian. "They say, that not being the Duke's subjects, though the place is impledged to his Grace, they are not liable to military service."

"They lie! the cowardly slaves," answered De Hagenbach. "If I have not employed them much hitherto, it is because I scorn their assistance; nor would I now use their help, were it for any thing save to keep a watch, by looking out straight before them. Let them obey, as they respect their property, persons, and families."

A deep voice behind them repeated the emphatic language of Scripture, — "I have seen the wicked man flourish in his power even like unto a laurel, but I returned and he was not — yea, I sought him, but he was not to be found."

“And then,” said his esquire, “shall we, like merry Free Companions, be knuckle deep in the English budgets — —”

“And, like jovial hunters,” replied the knight, “elbow-deep in the Swiss blood.”

“The game will stand at bay though,” answered Kilian. “They are led by that Donnerhugel whom we have heard of, whom they call the Young Bear of Berne. They will turn to their defence.”

“The better, man — wouldst thou kill sheep rather than hunt wolves? Besides, our toils are set, and the whole garrison shall assist. Shame on thee, Kilian, thou wert not wont to have so many scruples!”

“Nor have I now,” said Kilian. “But these Swiss bills and two-handed swords are no child’s-play. — And then if you call all our garrison to the attack, to whom will your excellency intrust the defence of the other gates, and the circuit of the walls?”

“Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates,” replied the Governor, “and bring the keys hither.”

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Sir Archibald de Hagenbach turned sternly, and encountered the dark and ominous looks of the priest of Saint Paul's, dressed in the vestments of his order.

"We are busy, father," said the Governor, "and will hear your preachment another time."

"I come by your summons, Sir Governor," said the priest, "or I had not intruded myself where I well knew my preachments, if you term them so, will do no good."

"O, I crave your mercy, reverend father," said De Hagenbach. "Yes, it is true that I did send for you, to desire your prayers and kind intercession with Our Lady and Saint Paul, in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadagno*."

"Sir Archibald," answered the priest calmly, "I well hope and trust that you do not forget the nature of the glorified Saints, so far as to ask them for their blessing upon such exploits as you have been too oft engaged in since your arrival amongst us — an event which of itself gave token of the Divine anger. Nay, let

me say, humble as I am, that decency to a servant of the altar should check you from proposing to me to put up prayers for the success of pillage and robbery."

"I understand you, father," said the rapacious Governor, "and you shall see I do. While you are the Duke's subject, you must by your office put up your prayers for his success in matters that are fairly managed. You acknowledge this with a graceful bend of your reverend head? Well, then, I will be as reasonable as you are. Say we desire the intercession of the good Saints, and of you, their pious orator, in something a little out of the ordinary path, and, if you will, somewhat of a doubtful complexion, — are we entitled to ask you or them for their pains and trouble without a just consideration? Surely no. Therefore I vow and solemnly promise, that if I have good fortune in this morning's adventure, Saint Paul shall have an altar-cloth and a basin of silver, large or little, as my booty will permit — Our Lady a web of satin for a full suit, with a necklace of pearl for holidays — and thou, priest, some twenty pieces of broad English gold, for acting as go-between betwixt ourselves and the holy Saints, whom we acknow-

ledge ourselves unworthy to negotiate with in our own profane person. And now, Sir Priest, do we understand each other, for I have little time to lose. I know you have hard thoughts of me, but you see the devil is not quite so horrible as he is painted."

"Do we understand each other?" answered the black priest of Saint Paul's, repeating the Governor's question — "Alas, no! and I fear me we never shall. Hast thou never heard the words spoken by the holy hermit, Berchtold of Offringen, to the implacable Queen Agnes, who had revenged with such dreadful severity the assassination of her father, the Emperor Albert?"

"Not I," returned the knight; "I have neither studied the chronicles of emperors, nor the legends of hermits; and, therefore, Sir Priest, as you like not my proposal, let us have no farther words on the matter. I am unwont to press my favours, or to deal with priests who require entreaty, when gifts are held out to them."

"Hear yet the words of the holy man," said the priest. "The time may come, and that

shortly, when you would gladly desire to hear what you scornfully reject."

"Speak on, but be brief," said Archibald de Hagenbach; "and know, though thou mayst terrify or cajole the multitude, thou now speakest to one whose resolution is fixed far beyond the power of thy eloquence to melt."

"Know, then," said the priest of Saint Paul's, "that Agnes, daughter of the murdered Albert, after shedding oceans of blood in avenging his bloody death, founded at length the rich abbey of Kœnigsfeldt; and, that it might have a superior claim to renowned sanctity, made a pilgrimage in person to the cell of the holy hermit, and besought of him to honour her abbey by taking up his residence there. But what was his reply? — Mark it and tremble. 'Begone, ruthless woman,' said the holy man; 'God will not be served with blood-guiltiness, and rejects the gifts which are obtained by violence and robbery. The Almighty loves mercy, justice, and humanity, and by the lovers of these only will he be worshipped.' And now, Archibald of Hagenbach, once, twice, thrice, hast thou had warning. Live as becomes a man on whom sentence is passed, and who must expect execution."

Having spoken these words with a menacing tone and frowning aspect, the priest of Saint Paul's turned away from the Governor, whose first impulse was to command him to be arrested. But when he recollected the serious consequences which attached to the laying violent hands on a priest, he suffered him to depart in peace conscious that his own unpopularity might render any attempt to revenge himself an act of great rashness. He called, therefore, for a beaker of Burgundy, in which he swallowed down his displeasure, and had just returned to Kilian the cup, which he had drained to the bottom, when the warden winded a blast from the watch-tower, which betokened the arrival of some strangers at the gate of the city.

CHAPTER XIII.

*I will resist such entertainment, till
My enemy has more power.*

The Tempest.

“THAT blast was but feebly blown,” said De Hagenbach, ascending to the ramparts, from which he could see what passed on the outside of the gate; “who approaches, Kilian?”

The trusty squire was hastening to meet him with the news.

“Two men with a mule, an it please your excellency; and merchants, I presume them to be.”

“Merchants? ’sdeath, villain! pedlars you mean. Heard ever man of English merchants tramping it on foot, with no more baggage than one mule can manage to carry? They must be beggarly Bohemians, or those whom the French people call Escossais. The knaves! they shall pay with the pining of their paunches for the poverty of their purses.”

“Do not be too hasty, and please your excellency,” quoth the squire; “small budgets hold rich goods. But rich or poor, they are our men, at least they have all the marks — the elder, well-sized, and dark-visaged, may write fifty and five years, a beard somewhat grizzled; — the younger, some two-and-twenty, taller than the first, and a well-favoured lad, with a smooth chin and light-brown mustachoes.”

“Let them be admitted,” said the Governor, turning back in order again to descend to the street, “and bring them into the folter-kammer of the toll-house.”

So saying, he betook himself to the place appointed, which was an apartment in the large tower that protected the eastern gate-way, in which were deposited the rack, with various

other instruments of torture, which the cruel and rapacious Governor was in the habit of applying to such prisoners from whom he was desirous of extorting either booty or information. He entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted, and had a lofty Gothic roof which could be but imperfectly seen, while nooses and cords hanging down from thence, announced a fearful connexion with various implements of rusted iron that hung round the walls, or lay scattered on the floor.

A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evilboding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword, of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have decribed as used by the

Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise, and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone-floor with a heavy clash.

“Ha! Scharfrichter,” said the knight, as he entered the folter-kammer, “thou art preparing for thy duty?”

“It would ill become your excellency’s servant,” answered the man, in a harsh deep tone, “to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge.”

“The prisoners are at hand, Francis,” replied the Governor; “but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice, and thy sword drinks only noble blood.”

“The worse for Francis Steinernherz,” replied the official in scarlet; “I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble.”

“Noble!” said the Governor; “thou art mad — Thou noble!”

“And wherefore not, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz von Blut-acker will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth, with the same weapon and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?”

“So says the law,” said Sir Archibald, — “but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it.”

“The prouder boast for him,” said the functionary, “that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have dispatched one more knight of the Empire.”

“Thou hast been ever in *my* service, hast thou not?” demanded De Hagenbach,

“Under what other master,” replied the executioner, “could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on con-

demned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois Eschelles, are novices compared with me, in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility."

"Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it," replied De Hagenbach. "But it cannot be — I trust it cannot be — that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled."

"I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title," said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on, — "There was Count William of Elvershoe — he was my essay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian."

«I remember — he courted my mistress.» said Sir Archibald.

He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1455,» said the executioner.

«Go on — but name no dates,» said the Governor.

«Sir Miles of Stockenborg — —»

«He drove off my cattle,» observed his excellency.

«Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt —» continued the executioner.

«He made love to my wife,» commented the Governor.

«The three Jung-herrn of Lammerbourg — you made their father, the count, childless in one day.»

«And he made me landless,» said Sir Archibald, «so that account is settled. — Thou needest read no farther,» he continued, «I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution.»

“You did me the greater wrong,” said Francis; “they cost three good blows of this good sword.”

“Be it so, and God be with their souls,” said Hagenbach. “But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfrichter, for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strap-padoe — there is no honour to win on them.”

“The worse luck mine,” said the executioner. “I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble; — and then the fall of my sword!”

“Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries.”

“With your honour’s permission, no,” said the executioner; “to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand.”

“Be silent then, and mind your duty,” said De Hagenbach.

Francis took up his sheathless sword, wiped the dust reverently from it, and withdrew into a corner of the chamber, where he stood lean.

ing with his hands on the pommel of the fatal weapon.

Almost immediately afterwards, Kilian entered at the head of five or six soldiers conducting the two Philipsons, whose arms were tied down with cords.

“Approach me a chair,” said the Governor, and took his place gravely beside a table, on which stood writing materials. “Who are these men, Kilian, and wherefore are they bound?”

“So please your excellency,” said Kilian, with a deep respect of manner, which entirely differed from the tone, approaching to familiarity, with which he communicated with his master in private, “we thought it well that these two strangers should not appear armed in your gracious presence; and when we required of them to surrender their weapons at the gate, as is the custom of the garrison, this young gallant must needs offer resistance. I admit he gave up his weapon at his father’s command.”

“It is false!” exclaimed young Philipson; but his father making a sign to him to be silent, he obeyed instantly.

“Noble sir,” said the elder Philipson, “we are strangers, and unacquainted with the rules of this citadel; we are Englishmen, and unaccustomed to submit to personal mishandling; we trust you will have excuse for us, when we found ourselves, without any explanation of the cause, rudely seized on by we knew not whom, My son, who is young and unthinking, did partly draw his weapon, but desisted at my command, without having altogether unsheathed his sword, far less made a blow. For myself, I am a merchant, accustomed to submit to the laws and customs of the countries in which I traffic; I am in the territories of the Duke of Burgundy, and I know his laws and customs must be just and equitable. He is the powerful and faithful ally of England, and I fear nothing while under his banner.”

“Hem! Hem!” replied De Hagenbach, a little disconcerted by the Englishman’s composure, and perhaps recollecting, that, unless his passions were awakened, (as in the case of the Swiss, whom he detested,) Charles of Burgundy desired the character of a just though severe prince, — “Fair words are well, but hardly make amends for foul actions. You have drawn swords in riot, and opposition to the Duke’s

soldiers, when obeying the mandates which regulate their watch."

"Surely, sir," answered Philipson, "this is a severe construction of a most natural action. But, in a word, if you are disposed to be rigorous, the simple action of drawing, or attempting to draw a sword in a garrison town, is only punishable by a pecuniary fine, and such we must pay, if it be your will."

"Now, here is a silly sheep," said Kilian to the executioner, beside whom he had stationed himself, somewhat apart from the group, "who voluntarily offers his own fleece to the clipper."

"It will scarcely serve as a ransom for his throat, Sir Squire," answered Francis Steinernherz; "for, look you, I dreamed last night that our master made me noble, and I knew by the fall of my sword that this is the man by whom I am to mount to gentility. I must this very day deal on him with my good sword."

"Why, thou ambitious fool," said the esquire, "this is no noble, but an island pedlar — a mere English citizen."

"Thou art deceived," said the executioner,

“and hast never looked on men when they are about to die.”

“Have I not?” said the squire. “Have I not looked on five pitched fields, besides skirmishes and ambuscades innumerable?”

“That tries not the courage,” said the Scharfrichter. “All men will fight when pitched against each other. So will the most paltry curs, — so will the dunghill fowls. But he is brave and noble, who can look on a scaffold and a block, a priest to give him absolution, and the headsman and good sword which is to mow him down in his strength, as he would look upon things indifferent; and such a man is that whom we now behold.”

“Yes,” answered Kilian, “but that man looks not on such an apparatus — he only sees our illustrious patron, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.”

“And he who looks upon Sir Archibald,” said the executioner, “being, as yonder man assuredly is, a person of sense and apprehension, looks he not upon sword and headsman? Assuredly that prisoner apprehends as much, and being so composed as he is under such con-

viction, it shows him to be a nobleman by blood, or may I myself never win nobility."

"Our master will come to compromise with him, I judge," replied Kilian; "he looks smilingly on him."

"Never trust to me then," said the man in scarlet; "there is a glance in Sir Archibald's eye which betokens blood, as surely as the dog-star bodes pestilence."

While these dependants of Sir Archibald de Hagenbach were thus conversing apart, their master had engaged the prisoners in a long train of captious interrogatories concerning their business in Switzerland, their connexion with the Landamman, and the cause of their travelling into Burgundy, to all which the senior Philipson gave direct and plain answers, excepting to the last. He was going, he said, into Burgundy, for the purpose of his traffic — his wares were at the disposal of the Governor, who might detain all, or any part of them, as he might be disposed to make himself answerable to his master. But his business with the Duke was of a private nature, respecting some particular matters of commerce, in which

others as well as he himself were interested. To the Duke alone, he declared, would he communicate the affair; and he pressed it strongly on the Governor, that if he should sustain any damage in his own person or that of his son, the Duke's severe displeasure would be the inevitable consequence.

De Hagenbach was evidently much embarrassed by the steady tone of his prisoner, and more than once held council with the bottle, his never-failing oracle in cases of extreme difficulty. Philipson had readily surrendered to the Governor a list or invoice of his merchandise, which was of so inviting a character, that Sir Archibald absolutely gloated over it. After remaining in deep meditation for some time, he raised his head and spoke thus: —

“You must be well aware, Sir Merchant, that it is the Duke's pleasure that no Swiss merchandise shall pass through his territories; and that, nevertheless, you having been, by your own account, some time in that country, and having also accompanied a body of men calling themselves Swiss Deputies, I am authorized to believe that these valuable articles are rather the property of those persons, than of

a single individual of so poor an appearance as yourself, and that should I demand pecuniary satisfaction, three hundred pieces of gold would not be an extravagant fine for so bold a practice; and you might wander where you will with the rest of your wares, so you bring them not into Burgundy."

"But it is to Burgundy, and to the Duke's presence that I am expressly bound," said the Englishman. "If I go not thither my journey is wrecked, and the Duke's displeasure is certain to light on those who may molest me. For I make your excellency aware, that your gracious Prince already knows of my journey, and will make strict inquiry where and by whom I have been intercepted."

Again the Governor was silent, endeavouring to decide how he might best reconcile the gratification of his rapacity with precaution for his safety. After a few minutes' consideration he again addressed his prisoner.

"Thou art very positive in thy tale, my good friend; but my orders are equally so to exclude merchandise coming from Switzerland. What if I put thy mule and baggage under arrest?"

"I cannot withstand your power, my lord

to do what you will. I will in that case go to the Duke's footstool, and do my errand there."

"Ay, and my errand also," answered the Governor. "That is, thou wilt carry thy complaint to the Duke against the Governor of La Ferette, for executing his orders too strictly?"

"On my life and honest word," answered the Englishman, "I will make no complaint. Leave me but my ready money, without which I can hardly travel to the Duke's court, and I will look no more after these goods and wares than the stag looks after the antlers which he shed last year."

Again the Governor of La Ferette looked doubtful and shook his head.

"Men in such a case as yours," he said, "cannot be trusted, nor, to say truth, is it reasonable to expect they should be trust-worthy. These same wares, designed for the Duke's private hand, in what do they consist?"

"They are under seal," replied the Englishman.

"They are of rare value, doubtless?" continued the Governor.

“I cannot tell,” answered the elder Philipson; “I know the Duke sets great store by them. But your excellency knows, that great princes sometimes place a high value on trifles.”

“Bear you them about you?” said the Governor. “Take heed how you answer — Look around you on these engines, which can bring a dumb man to speak, and consider I have the power to employ them !”

“And I the courage to support their worst infliction,” answered Philipson, with the same impenetrable coolness which he had maintained throughout the whole conference.

“Remember, also,” said Hagenbach, “that I can have your person searched as thoroughly as your mails and budgets.”

“I do remember that I am wholly in thy power; and that I may leave thee no excuse for employing force on a peaceful traveller, I will own to you,” said Philipson, “that I have the Duke’s packet in the bosom of my doublet.”

“Bring it forth,” answered the governor.

“My hands are tied, both in honour and literally,” said the Englishman.

“Pluck it from his bosom, Kilian,” said Sir Archibald; “let us see this gear he talks of.”

“Could resistance avail,” replied the stout merchant, “you should pluck forth my heart first. But I pray all who are present to observe, that the seals are every one whole and unbroken at this moment when it is forcibly taken from my person.”

As he spoke thus he looked around on the soldiers, whose presence De Hagenbach had perhaps forgotten.

“How, dog!” said Sir Archibald, giving way to his passion, “would you stir up mutiny among my men-at-arms? — Kilian, let the soldiers wait without.”

So saying, he hastily placed under cover of his own robe the small but remarkably well-secured packet, which Kilian had taken from the merchant's person. The soldiers withdrew, lingering, however, and looking back, like children brought away from a show before its final conclusion.

“So, fellow!” again began De Hagenbach, “we are now more private. Wilt thou deal

more on the level with me, and tell me what this packet is, and whence it comes?"

"Could all your garrison be crowded into this room, I can only answer as before. — The contents I do not precisely know — the person by whom it was sent I am determined not to name."

"Perhaps your son," said the Governor, "may be more compliant."

"He cannot tell you that, of which he is himself ignorant," answered the merchant.

"Perchance the rack may make you both find your tongues; — and we will try it on the young fellow first, Kilian, since thou knowest we have seen men shrink from beholding the wrenched joints of their children, that would have committed their own old sinews to the stretching with much endurance."

"You may make the trial," said Arthur, "and Heaven will give me strength to endure" —

"And me courage to behold," added his father.

All this while the Governor was turning and re-turning the little packet in his hand, cu-

riously inspecting every fold, and regretting, doubtless, in secret, that a few patches of wax, placed under an envelope of crimson-satin, and ligatures of twisted silk cord, should prevent his eager eyes from ascertaining the nature of the treasure which he doubted not it concealed. At length he again called in the soldiers, and delivered up the two prisoners to their charge, commanding that they should be kept safely, and in separate holds, and that the father, in particular, should be most carefully looked after.

“I take you all here to witness,” exclaimed the elder Philipson, despising the menacing signs of De Hagenbach, “that the Governor detains from me a packet, addressed to his most gracious lord and master the Duke of Burgundy.”

De Hagenbach actually foamed at the mouth with passion.

“And should I *not* detain it?” he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate with rage. “May there not be some foul practice against the life of our most gracious sovereign by poison or otherwise, in this suspicious packet, brought by a most suspicious bearer? Have we never heard

of poisons which do their work by the smell? And shall we, who keep the gate, as I may say, of his Grace of Burgundy's dominions, give access to what may rob Europe of its pride of chivalry, Burgundy of its prince, and Flanders of her father? — No! Away with these miscreants, soldiers — down to the lowest dungeons with them — keep them separate, and watch them carefully. This treasonable practice has been meditated with the connivance of Berne and Soleure.”

Thus Sir Archibald de Hagenbach raved, with a raised voice and inflamed countenance, lashing himself as it were into passion, until the steps of the soldiers, and the clash of their arms, as they retired with the prisoners, were no longer audible. His complexion, when these had ceased, waxed paler than was natural to him — his brow was furrowed with anxious wrinkles — and his voice became lower and more hesitating than ordinary, as, turning to his esquire, he said, “Kilian, we stand upon a slippery plank, with a raging torrent beneath us — What is to be done?”

“Marry, to move forward with a resolved yet prudent step,” answered the crafty Kilian. “It

is unlucky that all these fellows should have seen the packet, and heard the appeal of yonder iron-nerved trader. But this ill luck has befallen us, and the packet having been in your excellency's hands, you will have all the credit of having broken the seals; for, though you leave them as entire as the moment they were impressed, it will only be supposed they have been ingeniously replaced. Let us see what are the contents, before we determine what is to be done with them. They must be of rare value, since the churl merchant was well contented to leave behind all his rich mule'sload of merchandise, so that this precious packet might pass unexamined."

"They may be papers on some political matter. Many such, and of high importance, pass secretly between Edward of England and our bold Duke." Such was the reply of De Hagenbach.

"If they be papers of consequence to the Duke," answered Kilian, "we can forward them to Dijon. — Or they may be such as Louis of France would purchase with their weight of gold."

"For shame, Kilian," said the knight;

“wouldst thou have me betray my master’s secrets to the King of France? Sooner would I lay my head on the block.”

“Indeed? And yet your excellency hesitates not to” —

Here the squire stopped, apparently for fear of giving offence, by affixing a name too broad and intelligible to the practices of his patron.

“To plunder the Duke, thou wouldst say, thou impudent slave? And, saying so, thou wouldst be as dull as thou art wont to be,” answered De Hagenbach. “I partake, indeed, in the plunder which the Duke takes from aliens; and reason good. Even so the hound and the hawk have their share of the quarry they bring down — ay, and the lion’s share, too, unless the huntsman or falconer be all the nearer to them. Such are the perquisites of my rank; and the Duke, who placed me here for the gratification of his resentment, and the bettering of my fortune, does not grudge them to a faithful servant. And, indeed, I may term myself, in so far as this territory of La Ferette extends, the Duke’s full representative, or, as it may be termed, ALTER EGO — and, thereupon, I will open this packet which, being

addressed to him, is thereby equally addressed to me."

Having thus in a manner talked himself up to an idea of his own high authority he cut the strings of the packet which he had all this while held in his hand, and, undoing the outer coverings, produced a very small case made of sandal-wood.

"The contents," he said, "had need to be valuable, as they lie in so little compass."

So saying he pressed the spring, and the casket, opening, displayed a necklace of diamonds distinguished by brilliancy and size, and apparently of extraordinary value. The eyes of the avaricious Governor, and his no less rapacious attendant were so dazzled with the unusual splendour, that for some time they could express nothing save joy and surprise.

"Ay, marry, sir," said Kilian, "the obstinate old knave had reasons for his hardihood. My own joints should have stood a strain or two ere I surrendered such sparklers as these. — And now, Sir Archibald, may your trusty follower ask you how this booty is to be divided

between the Duke and his Governor, according to the most approved rules of garrison towns?"

"Faith, we will suppose the garrison stormed, Kilian; and in a storm, thou know'st, the first finder takes all — with due consideration always of his trusty followers."

"As myself, for example," said Kilian.

"Ay, and myself, for example," answered a voice, which sounded like the echo of the esquire's words, from the remote corner of the ancient apartment.

"'Sdeath! we are overheard," exclaimed the Governor, starting and laying his hand on his dagger.

"Only by a faithful follower, as the worthy esquire observes," said the executioner moving slowly forward.

"Villain, how didst thou dare watch me?" said Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.

"Trouble not yourself for that, sir," said Kilian. "Honest Steinernherz has no tongue to speak, or ear to hear, save according to your pleasure. Indeed, we must shortly have taken

him into our counsels, seeing these men must be dealt upon, and that speedily."

"Indeed!" said De Hagenbach; "I had thought they might be spared."

"To tell the Duke of Burgundy how the Governor of La Ferette accounts to his treasurer for the duties and forfeitures at his custom-house?" demanded Kilian.

"'Tis true," said the knight; "dead men have neither teeth nor tongue — they bite not, and they tell no tales. Thou wilt take order with them, Scharfrichter."

"I will, my lord," answered the executioner "on condition that, if this must be in the way of dungeon execution, which I call cellar practice, my privilege to claim nobility shall be saved and reserved to me, and the execution shall be declared to be as effectual to my claim, as it might have been if the blow had been dealt in broad daylight, with my honourable blade of office."

De Hagenbach stared at the executioner, as not understanding what he meant; on which Kilian took occasion to explain, that the Scharf-

richter was strongly impressed from the free and dauntless conduct of the elder prisoner, that he was a man of noble blood, from whose decapitation he would himself derive all the advantages proposed to the headsman who should execute his function on nine men of illustrious extraction.

“He may be right,” said Sir Archibald, “for here is a slip of parchment, commending the bearer of this carcanet to the Duke, desiring him to accept it as a true token from one well known to him, and to give the bearer full credence in all that he should say on the part of those by whom he is sent.”

“By whom is the note signed, if I may make bold to ask?” said Kilian.

“There is no name — the Duke must be supposed to collect that information from the gems, or perhaps the handwriting.”

“On neither of which he is likely to have a speedy opportunity of exercising his ingenuity,” said Kilian.

De Hagenbach looked at the diamonds, and smiled darkly. The Scharfrichter, encou-

raged by the familiarity into which he had in a manner forced himself, returned to his plea, and insisted on the nobility of the supposed merchant. Such a trust, and such a letter of unlimited credence, could never, he contended, be intrusted to a man meanly born.

“Thou art deceived, thou fool,” said the knight; “Kings now use the lowest tools to do their dearest offices. Louis has set the example of putting his barber, and the valets of his chamber, to do the work formerly intrusted to dukes and peers; and other monarchs begin to think that it is better, in choosing their agents for important affairs, to judge rather by the quality of men’s brains than that of their blood. And as for the stately look and bold bearing which distinguish yonder fellow in the eyes of cravens like thee, it belongs to his country, not his rank. Thou think’st it is in England as in Flanders, where a city-bred burgher of Ghent, Liege, or Ypres, is as distinct an animal from a knight of Hainault, as a Flanders waggon horse from a Spanish jennet. But thou art deceived. England has many a merchant as haughty of heart, and as prompt of hand, as any noble-born son of her rich bosom. But be not dejected, thou

foolish man; do thy business well on this merchant, and we shall presently have on our hands the Landamman of Unterwalden, who, though a churl by his choice, is yet a nobleman by blood, and shall, by his well-deserved death, aid thee to get rid of the peasant slough which thou art so weary of."

"Were not your excellency better adjourn these men's fate," said Kilian, "till you hear something of them from the Swiss prisoners whom we shall presently have in our power?"

"Be it as you will," said Hagenbach, waving his hand, as if putting aside some disagreeable task. "But let all be finished ere I hear of it again."

The stern satellites bowed obedience, and the deadly conclave broke up; their chief carefully securing the valuable gems, which he was willing to purchase at the expense of treachery to the sovereign in whose employment he had enlisted himself, as well as the blood of two innocent men. Yet, with a weakness of mind not uncommon to great criminals, he shrunk from the thoughts of his own baseness and

cruelty, and endeavoured to banish the feeling of dishonour from his mind, by devolving the immediate execution of his villainy upon his subordinate agents.

CHAPTER XIV.

And this place our forefathers built for Man!

Old Play.

THE dungeon in which the younger Philipson was immured, was one of those gloomy caverns which cry shame on the inhumanity of our ancestors. They seem to have been almost insensible to the distinction betwixt innocence and guilt, as the consequences of mere accusation must have been far more severe in those days, than is in our own that species of imprisonment which is adjudged as an express punishment for crime.

The cell of Arthur Philipson was of considerable length, but dark and narrow, and dug out of the solid rock upon which the tower was founded. A small lamp was allowed him, not, however, without some grumbling, but his arms were still kept bound; and when he asked for a draught of water, one of the grim satellites, by whom he was thrust into this cell, answered surlily, that he might endure his thirst for all the time his life was likely to last — a gloomy response, which augured that his privations would continue as long as his life, yet neither be of long duration. By the dim lamp he had groped his way to a bench, or rough seat, cut in the rock; and, as his eyes got gradually accustomed to the obscurity of the region in which he was immured, he became aware of a ghastly cleft in the floor of his dungeon, somewhat resembling the opening of a draw-well, but irregular in its aperture, and apparently the mouth of a gulf of Nature's conformation, slightly assisted by the labour of human art.

“Here, then, is my death-bed,” he said, “and that gulf perhaps the grave which yawns for my remains! Nay, I have heard of prisoners being plunged into such horrid abysses

while they were yet alive, to die at leisure, crushed with wounds, their groans unheard, and their fate unpitied ! »

He approached his head to the dismal cavity, and heard, as at a great depth, the sound of a sullen, and, as it seemed, subterranean stream. The sunless waves appeared murmuring for their victim. Death is dreadful at all ages; but in the first springtide of youth, with all the feelings of enjoyment afloat, and eager for gratification, to be snatched forcibly from the banquet to which the individual has but just sat down, is peculiarly appalling, even when the change comes in the ordinary course of nature. But to sit like young Philipson on the brink of the subterranean abyss, and ruminate in horrid doubt concerning the mode in which death was to be inflicted, was a situation which might break the spirit of the boldest; and the unfortunate captive was wholly unable to suppress the natural tears that flowed from his eyes in torrents and which his bound arms did not permit him to wipe away. We have already noticed, that although a gallant young man in aught of danger which was to be faced and overcome by active exertion, the youth was strongly imaginative, and sensitive to a power.

ful extent to all those exaggerations, which, in a situation of helpless uncertainty, fancy lends to distract the soul of him who must passively expect an approaching evil.

Yet the feelings of Arthur Pilipson were not selfish. They reverted to his father, whose just and noble character was as much formed to attract veneration, as his unceasing paternal care and affection to excite love and gratitude. He, too, was in the hands of remorseless villains who were determined to conceal robbery by secret murder — he, too, undaunted in so many dangers, resolute in so many encounters, lay bound and defenceless, exposed to the dagger of the meanest stabber. Arthur remembered, too, the giddy peak of the rock near Geierstein, and the grim vulture which claimed him as its prey. Here was no angel to burst through the mist, and marshal him on a path of safety — here the darkness was subterranean and eternal, saving when the captive should behold the knife of the ruffian flash against the lamp, which lent him light to aim the fatal blow. This agony of mind lasted until the feelings of the unhappy prisoner arose to ecstasy. He started up, and struggled so hard to free himself of his bonds,

that it seemed they should have fallen from him as from the arms of the mighty Nazarene. But the cords were of too firm a texture; and, after a violent and unavailing struggle, in which the ligatures seemed to enter his flesh, the prisoner lost his balance, and, while the feeling thrilled through him that he was tumbling backward into the subterranean abyss, he fell to the ground with great force.

Fortunately he escaped the danger which in his agony he apprehended, but so narrowly, that his head struck against the low and broken fence with which the mouth of the horrible pit was partly surrounded. Here he lay stunned and motionless, and, as the lamp was extinguished in his fall, immersed in absolute and total darkness. He was recalled to sensation by a jarring noise.

“They come — they come — the murderers! Oh, Lady of Mercy! and oh, gracious Heaven, forgive my transgressions!”

He looked up, and observed with dazzled eyes, that a dark form approached him, with a knife in one hand, and a torch in the other. He might well have seemed the man who was

to do the last deed upon the unhappy prisoner, if he had come alone. But he came not alone — his torch gleamed upon the white dress of a female, which was so much illuminated by it, that Arthur could discover a form, and had even a glimpse of features, never to be forgotten, though now seen under circumstances least of all to be expected. The prisoner's unutterable astonishment impressed him with a degree of awe which overcame even his personal fear, — "Can these things be?" was his muttered reflection; "has she really the power of an elementary spirit? has she conjured up this earthlike and dark demon to concur with her in my deliverance?"

It appeared as if his guess were real; for the figure in black, giving the light to Anne of Geierstein, or at least the form which bore her perfect resemblance, stooped over the prisoner, and cut the cord that bound his arms, with so much dispatch, that it seemed as if it fell from his person at a touch. Arthur's first attempt to arise was unsuccessful, and a second time it was the hand of Anne of Geierstein — a living hand, sensible to touch as to sight — which aided to raise and to support him, as it had formerly done when the river thundered at their feet.

Her touch produced an effect far beyond that of the slight personal aid which the maiden's strength could have rendered. Courage was restored to his heart, vigour and animation to his benumbed and bruised limbs; such influence does the human mind, when excited to energy, possess over the infirmities of the human body. He was about to address Anne in accents of the deepest gratitude. But the accents died away on his tongue, when the mysterious female, laying her finger on her lips, made him a sign to be silent, and at the same time beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed in silent amazement. They passed the entrance of the melancholy dungeon, and through one or two short but intricate passages, which, cut out of the rock in some places, and built in others with hewn stone of the same kind, probably led to holds similar to that in which Arthur was so lately a captive.

The recollection that his father might be immured in some such horrid cell as he himself had just quitted, induced Arthur to pause as they reached the bottom of a small winding staircase, which conducted apparently from this region of the building.

“Come,” he said, “dearest Anne, lead me to his deliverance! I must not leave my father.”

She shook her head impatiently, and beckoned him on.

“If your power extends not to save my father’s life, I will remain and save him or die! — Anne, dearest Anne” —

She answered not, but her companion replied; in a deep voice not unsuitable to his appearance, “Speak, young man, to those who are permitted to answer you; or rather, be silent, and listen to my instructions, which direct to the only course which can bring thy father to freedom and safety.”

They ascended the stair, Anne of Geierstein going first; while Arthur, who followed close behind, could not help thinking that her form gave existence to a part of the light which her garment reflected from the torch. This was probably the effect of the superstitious belief impressed on his mind by Rudolf’s tale respecting her mother, and which was confirmed by her sudden appearance in a place and situation where she was so little to have been ex-

pected. He had not much time, however, to speculate upon her appearance or demeanour, for, mounting the stair with a lighter pace than he was able at the time to follow closely, she was no longer to be seen when he reached the landing place. But whether she had melted into the air, or turned aside into some other passage, he was not permitted a moment's leisure to examine.

"Here lies your way," said his sable guide; and at the same time dashing out the light, and seizing Philipson by the arm, he led him along a dark gallery of considerable length. The young man was not without some momentary misgivings, while he recollected the ominous looks of his conductor, and that he was armed with a dagger, or knife, which he could plunge of a sudden into his bosom. But he could not bring himself to dread treachery from any one whom he had seen in company with Anne of Geierstein; and in his heart he demanded her pardon for the fear which had flashed across him, and resigned himself to the guidance of his companion, who advanced with hasty but light footsteps, and cautioned him by a whisper to do the same.

“Our journey,” he at length said, “ends here.”

As he spoke, a door gave way and admitted them into a gloomy Gothic apartment, furnished with large oaken presses, apparently filled with books and manuscripts. As Arthur looked round, with eyes dazzled with the sudden gleam of daylight from which he had been for some time excluded, the door by which they had entered disappeared. This, however, did not greatly surprise him, who judged that, being formed in appearance to correspond with the presses around the entrance which they had used, it could not when shut be distinguished from them; a device sometimes then practised, as indeed it often is at the present day. He had now a full view of his deliverer, who, when seen by daylight, showed only the vestments and features of a clergyman, without any of that expression of supernatural horror, which the partial light and the melancholy appearance of all in the dungeon had combined to impress on him.

Young Philipson once more breathed with freedom as one awakened from a hideous dream;

and the supernatural qualities with which his imagination had invested Anne of Geierstein having begun to vanish, he addressed his deliverer thus: — “That I may testify my thanks, holy father, where they are so especially due, let me inquire of you if Anne of Geierstein” — —

“Speak of that which pertains to your house and family,” answered the priest, as briefly as before. “Hast thou so soon forgot thy father’s danger?”

“By heavens, no!” replied the youth; “tell me but how to act for his deliverance, and thou shalt see how a son can fight for a parent!”

“It is well, for it is needful,” said the priest. “Don thou this vestment, and follow me.”

The vestment presented was the gown and hood of a novice.

“Draw the cowl over thy face,” said the priest, “and return no answer to any man who meets thee. I will say thou art under a vow. — May Heaven forgive the unworthy tyrant who imposes on us the necessity of such profane dis-

simulation ! Follow me close and near — beware that you speak not."

The business of disguise was soon accomplished, and the Priest of St Paul's, for such he was, moving on, Arthur followed him a pace or two behind, assuming as well as he could the modest step and humble demeanour of a spiritual novice. On leaving the library, or study, and descending a short stair, he found himself in the street of La Ferette. Irresistibly tempted to look back, he had only time, however, to see that the house he had left was a very small building of a Gothic character, on the one side of which rose the church of St Paul's, and on the other the stern black gate-house, or entrance-tower.

"Follow me, Melchior," said the deep voice of the Priest; and his keen eyes were at the same time fixed upon the supposed novice, with a look which instantly recalled Arthur to a sense of his situation.

They passed along, nobody noticing them, unless to greet the priest with a silent obeisance, or muttered phrase of salutation, until, having

nearly gained the middle of the village, the guide turned abruptly off from the street, and moving northward by a short lane, reached a flight of steps, which, as usual in fortified towns, led to the banquette, or walk behind the parapet, which was of the old Gothic fashion, flanked with towers from space to space, of different forms and various heights at different angles.

There were sentinels on the walls; but the watch, as it seemed, was kept not by regular soldiers, but by burghers, with spears, or swords, in their hands. The first whom they passed said to the priest, in a half whispered tone, "Holds our purpose?"

"It holds," replied the Priest of Saint Paul's, — "Benedicite!"

"*Deo Gratias!*" replied the armed citizen, and continued his walk upon the battlements.

The other sentinels seemed to avoid them; for they disappeared when they came near, or passed them without looking, or seeming to observe them. At last their walk brought them to an ancient turret, which raised its head

above the wall, and in which there was a small door opening from the battlement. It was in a corner, distinct from and uncommanded by any of the angles of the fortification. In a well-guarded fortress, such a point ought to have had a sentinel for its special protection, but no one was there upon duty.

“Now mark me,” said the priest, “for your father’s life, and, it may be, that of many a man besides, depends upon your attention, and no less upon your dispatch. — You can run? — you can leap?”

“I feel no weariness, father, since you freed me,” answered Arthur; “and the dun deer that I have often chased shall not beat me in such a wager.”

“Observe then,” replied the Black Priest of St Paul’s, “this turret contains a staircase, which descends to a small sally-port. I will give you entrance to it — The sally-port is barred on the inside, but not locked. It will give you access to the moat, which is almost entirely dry. On crossing it, you will find yourself in the circuit of the outer barriers. You may see sentinels, but they will not see

you — speak not to them, but make your way over the palisade as you can. I trust you can climb over an undefended rampart?"

"I have surmounted a defended one," said Arthur. "What is my next charge? — All this is easy."

"You will see a species of thicket, or stretch of low bushes — make for it with all speed. When you are there, turn to the eastward; but beware, while holding that course, that you are not seen by the Burgundian Free Companions, who are on watch on that part of the walls. A volley of arrows, and the sally of a body of cavalry in pursuit, will be the consequence, if they get sight of you; and their eyes are those of the eagle, that spy the carnage afar off."

"I will be heedful," said the young Englishman.

"You will find," continued the priest, "upon the outer side of the thicket a path, or rather a sheep-track, which, sweeping at some distance from the walls, will conduct you at last into the road leading from La Ferette to

Bâle. Hasten forward to meet the Swiss, who are advancing. Tell them your father's hours are counted, and that they must press on if they would save him; and say to Rudolf Donnerhugel, in especial, that the Black Priest of Saint Paul's waits to bestow upon him his blessing at the northern sally-port. Dost thou understand me?

"Perfectly," answered the young man.

The Priest of Saint Paul's then pushed open the low-browed gate of the turret, and Arthur was about to precipitate himself down the stair which opened before him.

"Stay yet a moment," said the priest, "and doff the novice's habit, which can only encumber thee."

Arthur in a trice threw it from him, and was again about to start.

"Stay yet a moment longer," continued the Black Priest. "This gown may be a tell-tale—Stay, therefore, and help me to pull off my upper garment."

Inwardly glowing with impatience, Arthur

yet saw the necessity of obeying his guide; and when he had pulled the long and loose upper vestment from the old man he stood before him in a cassock of black serge, befitting his order and profession, but begirt, not with a suitable sash such as clergymen wear, but with a most uncanonical buff-belt, supporting a short two-edged sword, calculated alike to stab and to smite.

“Give me now the novice’s habit,” said the venerable father, “and over that I will put the priestly vestment. Since for the present I have some tokens of the laity about me, it is fitting it should be covered with a double portion of the clerical habit.”

As he spoke thus he smiled grimly; and his smile had something more frightful and withering than the stern frown, which suited better with his features, and was their usual expression.

“And now,” said he, “what does the fool tarry for, when life and death are in his speed?”

The young messenger waited not a second hint, but at once descended the stairs, as if it

had been by a single step, found the portal, as the priest had said only secured by bars on the inside, offering little resistance save from their rusted state, which made it difficult to draw them. Arthur succeeded, however, and found himself at the side of the moat, which presented a green and marshy appearance. Without stopping to examine whether it was deep or shallow, and almost without being sensible of the tenacity of the morass, the young Englishman forced his way through it, and attained the opposite side, without attracting the attention of two worthy burghers of La Ferette, who were the guardians of the barriers. One of them indeed was deeply employed in the perusal of some profane chronicle, or religious legend; the other was as anxiously engaged in examining the margin of the moat, in search of eels, perhaps, or frogs, for he wore over his shoulder a srip for securing some such booty.

Seeing that, as the priest foretold, he had nothing to apprehend from the vigilance of the sentinels, Arthur dashed at the palisade, in hope to catch hold of the top of the stockade, and so to clear it by one bold leap. He over-rated his powers of activity, however, or they

were diminished by his recent bonds and imprisonment. He fell lightly backward on the ground, and, as he got to his feet, became aware of the presenee of a soldier, in yellow and blue, the livery of De Hagenbach, who came running towards him, crying to the slothful and unobservant sentinels, "Alarm! — alarm! — you lazy swine! Stop the dog, or you are both dead men."

The fisherman, who was on the further side, laid down his eel-spear, drew his sword, and, flourishing it over his head, advanced towards Philipson with very moderate haste. The student was yet more unfortunate, for, in his hurry to fold up his book and attend to his duty, he contrived to throw himself (inadvertently, doubtless) full in the soldier's way. The latter, who was running at top speed, encountered the burgher with a severe shock which threw both down; but the citizen being a solid and substantial man, lay still where he fell, while the other, less weighty, and probably less prepared for the collision, lost his balance and the command of his limbs at once, and, rolling over the edge of the moat, was immersed in the mud and marsh. The fisher and the student went with deliberate speed to assist

the unexpected and unwelcome partner of their watch; while Arthur, stimulated by the imminent sense of danger, sprung at the barrier with more address and vigour than before, and succeeding in his leap, made, as he had been directed, with his utmost speed for the covert of the adjacent bushes. He reached them without hearing any alarm from the walls. But he was conscious that his situation had become extremely precarious, since his escape from the town was known to one man at least, who would not fail to give the alarm in case he was able to extricate himself from the marsh, — a feat, however, in which it seemed to Arthur that the armed citizens were likely to prove rather his apparent than actual assistants. While such thoughts shot across his mind, they served to augment his natural speed of foot, so that in less space than could have been thought possible, he reached the thinner extremity of the thicket, whence, as intimated by the Black Priest, he could see the eastern tower and the adjoining battlements of the town, —

“With hostile faces throng’d, and fiery
arms.”

It required, at the same time, some address

on the part of the fugitive, to keep so much under shelter as to prevent himself from being seen in his turn by those whom he saw so plainly. He therefore expected every moment to hear a bugle wind, or to behold that bustle and commotion among the defenders which might prognosticate a sally. Neither, however, took place, and heedfully observing the foot-path, or track, which the priest had pointed out to him, young Philipson wheeled his course out of sight of the guarded towers, and soon falling into the public and frequented road, by which his father and he had approached the town in the morning, he had the happiness, by the dust and flash of arms, to see a small body of armed men advancing towards La Ferrette, whom he justly concluded to be the van of the Swiss deputation.

He soon met the party, which consisted of about ten men, with Rudolf Donnerhugel at their head. The figure of Philipson covered with mud, and in some places stained with blood, (for his fall in the dungeon had cost him a slight wound,) attracted the wonder of every one, who crowded around to hear the news. Rudolf alone appeared unmoved. Like the visage on the ancient statues of Hercules,

the physiognomy of the bulky Bernese was large and massive, having an air of indifferent and almost sullen composure, which did not change but in moments of the fiercest agitation.

He listened without emotion to the breathless tale of Arthur Philipson, that his father was in prison, and adjudged to death.

“And what else did you expect?” said the Bernese coldly. “Were you not warned? It had been easy to have foreseen the misfortune, but it may be impossible to prevent it.”

“I own — I own,” said Arthur, wringing his hands, “that you were wise, and that we were foolish. — But oh! do not think of our folly in the moment of our extremity! Be the gallant and generous champion which your Cantons proclaim you — give us your aid in this deadly strait!”

“But how, or in what manner?” said Rudolf, still hesitating. “We have dismissed the Bâlese, who were willing to have given assistance, so much did your dutiful example weigh with us. We are now scarce above a score of men how can you ask us to attack a garrison

town, secured by fortifications," and where there are six times our number?"

"You have friends within the fortifications," replied Arthur — "I am sure you have. Hark in your ear — The Black Priest sent to you — to you, Rudolf Donnerhugel of Berne — that he waits to give you his blessing at the northern sally-port."

"Ay, doubtless," said Rudolf, shaking himself free of Arthur's attempt to engage him in private conference, and speaking so that all around might hear him, "there is little doubt on't; I will find a priest at the northern sally-port to confess and absolve me, and a block, axe, and headsman, to strike my throat asunder when he has done. But I will scarce put the neck of my father's son into such risk. If they assassinate an English pedlar, who has never offended them, what will they do with the Bear of Berne, whose fangs and talons Archibald de Hagenbach has felt e'er now?"

Young Philipson at these words clasped his hands together, and held them up to Heaven, as one who abandons hope excepting from thence. The tears started to his eyes, and,

clenching his hands and setting his teeth, he turned his back abruptly upon the Swiss.

“What means this passion?” said Rudolf. “Whither would you now?”

“To rescue my father, or perish with him,” said Arthur; and was about to run wildly back to La Ferette, when a strong but kindly grasp detained him.

“Tarry a little till I tie my garter,” said Sigismund Biederman, “and I will go with you, King Arthur.”

“You? oaf!” exclaimed Rudolf, “you? — and without orders?”

“Why, look you, cousin Rudolf,” said the youth, continuing, with great composure, to fasten his garter, which, after the fashion of the time, was somewhat intricately secured — “you are always telling us that we are Swiss and freemen; and what is the advantage of being a freeman, if one is not free to do what he has a mind! You are my Hauptman, look you, so long as it pleases me, and no longer.”

“And why shouldst thou desert me now, thou

fool? Why at this minute, of all other minutes in the year?" demanded the Bernese.

"Look you," replied the insubordinate follower, "I have hunted with Arthur for this month past, and I love him — he never called me fool or idiot, because my thoughts came slower, maybe, than those of other folk. And I love his father — the old man gave me this baldrick and this horn, which I warrant cost many a kreutzer. He told me, too, not to be discouraged, for that it was better to think justly than to think fast, and that I had sense enough for the one if not for the other. And the kind old man is now in Hagenbach's butcher-shambles! — But we will free him, Arthur, if two men may. Thou shalt see me fight, while steel blade and ashen shaft will hold together."

So saying, he shook in the air his enormous partisan, which quivered in his grasp like a slip of willow. Indeed, if Iniquity was to be struck down like an ox, there was not one in that chosen band more likely to perform the feat than Sigismund, for though somewhat shorter in stature than his brethren, and of a less animated spirit, yet his breadth of shoul-

ders and strength of muscles were enormous, and if thoroughly aroused and disposed for the contest, which was very rarely the case, perhaps Rudolf himself might, as far as sheer force went, have had difficulty in matching him.

Truth of sentiment, and energy of expression always produce an effect on natural and generous characters. Several of the youths around began to exclaim, that Sigismund said well; that if the old man had put himself in danger, it was because he thought more of the success of their negotiation than of his own safety, and had taken himself from under their protection, rather than involve them in quarrels on his account. "We are the more bound," they said, "to see him unscathed; and we will do so."

"Peace! all you wiseacres," said Rudolf, looking round with an air of superiority; "and you, Arthur of England, pass on to the Landamman, who is close behind; you know he is our chief commander, he is no less your father's sincere friend, and whatever he may determine in your father's favour, you will find most ready executors of his pleasure in all of us."

His companions appeared to concur in this advice, and young Philipson saw that his own compliance with the recommendation was indispensable. Indeed, although he still suspected that the Bernese, by his various intrigues, as well with the Swiss youth as with those of Bâle, and, as might be inferred from the Priest of Saint Paul's, by communication even within the town of La Ferette, possessed the greater power of assisting him at such a conjuncture; yet he trusted far more in the simple candour and perfect faith of Arnold Biederman, and pressed forward to tell to him his mournful tale, and crave his assistance.

From the top of a bank which he reached in a few minutes after he darted from Rudolf and the advanced guard, he saw beneath him the venerable Landamman and his associates, attended by a few of the youths, who no longer were dispersed upon the flanks of the party, attended on them closely, and in military array, as men prepared to repel any sudden attack.

Behind came a mule or two with baggage; with the well-known animals which, in the ordinary course of their march, supported Anne

of Geierstein and her attendant. Both were occupied by female figures as usual, and to the best of Arthur's ken, the foremost had the well-known dress of Anne, from the grey mantle to a small heron's plume, which, since entering Germany, she had worn in compliance with the custom of the country, and in evidence of her rank as a maiden of birth and distinction. Yet, if the youth's eyes brought him true tidings at present, what was the character of their former information, when scarce more than half an hour since, they had beheld, in the subterranean dungeon of La Ferette, the same form which they now rested upon in circumstances so very different! The feeling excited by this thought was powerful, but it was momentary, like the lightning which blazes through a midnight sky, which is but just seen ere it vanishes into darkness. Or rather, the wonder excited by this marvellous incident, only maintained its ground in his thoughts, by allying itself with the anxiety for his father's safety, which was their predominant occupation.

“If there be indeed a spirit,” he said, “which wears that beautiful form, it must be beneficent as well as lovely, and will extend to my far

more deserving father the protection which his son has twice experienced."

But ere he had time to prosecute such a thought farther, he had met the Landamman and his party. Here his appearance and his condition excited the same surprise as they had formerly occasioned to Rudolf and the vanguard. To the repeated interrogatories of the Landamman, he gave a brief account of his own imprisonment, and of his escape, of which he suffered the whole glory to rest with the Black Priest of St Paul's, without mentioning one word of the more interesting female apparition, by which he had been attended and assisted in his charitable task. On another point also Arthur was silent. He saw no propriety in communicating to Arnold Biederman the message which the priest had addressed to Rudolf's ear alone. Whether good should come of it or no, he held sacred the obligation of silence imposed upon him by a man from whom he had just received the most important assistance.

The Landamman was struck dumb for a moment, with sorrow and surprise, at the news which he heard. The elder Philipson had gained his respect, as well by the purity and stea-

diness of the principles which he expressed, as by the extent and depth of his information, which was peculiarly valuable and interesting to the Switzer, who felt his admirable judgment considerably fettered for want of that knowledge of countries, times, and manners, with which his English friend often supplied him.

“Let us press forward,” he said to the Banneret of Berne and the other deputies; “let us offer our mediation betwixt the tyrant De Hagenbach and our friend, whose life is in danger. He must listen to us, for I know his master expects to see this Philipson at his court. The old man hinted to me so much. As we are possessed of such a secret, Archibald de Hagenbach will not dare to brave our vengeance, since we might easily send to Duke Charles information how the Governor of La Ferette abuses his power, in matters where not only the Swiss, but where the Duke himself is concerned.”

“Under your reverend favour, my worthy sir,” answered the Banneret of Berne, “we are Swiss Deputies, and go to represent the injuries of Switzerland alone. If we embroil ourselves with

the quarrels of strangers, we shall find it more difficult to settle advantageously those of our own country; and if the Duke should, by this villainy done upon English merchants, bring upon him the resentment of the English monarch, such breach will only render it more a matter of peremptory necessity for him to make a treaty advantageous to the Swiss Cantons."

There was so much worldly policy in this advice, that Adam Zimmerman of Soleure instantly expressed his assent, with the additional argument, that their brother Biederman had told them scarce two hours before, how these English merchants had, by his advice and their own free desire, parted company with them that morning, on purpose that they might not involve the Deputies in the quarrels which might be raised by the Governor's exactions on his merchandise.

"Now what advantage," he said, "shall we derive from this same parting of company supposing, as my brother seems to urge, we are still to consider this Englishman's interest as if he were our fellow-traveller, and under our especial protection?"

This personal reasoning pinched the Landamman somewhat closely, for he had but a short while before descanted on the generosity of the elder Philipson, who had freely exposed himself to danger, rather than that he should embarrass their negotiation by remaining one of their company; and it completely shook the fealty of the white-bearded Nicolas Bonstetten, whose eyes wandered from the face of Zimmerman, which expressed triumphant confidence in his argument, to that of his friend the Landamman, which was rather more embarrassed than usual.

“Brethern,” said Arnold at length, with firmness and animation, “I erred in priding myself upon the wordly policy which I taught to you this morning. This man is not of our country, doubtless, but he is of our blood, a copy of the common Creator’s image, — and the more worthy of being called so, as he is a man of integrity and worth. We might not, without grievous sin, pass such a person, being in danger, without affording him relief, even if he lay accidentally by the side of our path; much less should we abandon him if the danger has been incurred in our own cause, and that we might escape the net in which he is himself caught. Be not, therefore, downcast — We do

God's will in succouring an oppressed man. If we succeed by mild means, as I trust we shall, we do a good action at a cheap rate; — if not, God can assert the cause of humanity by the hands of few as well as of many."

"If such is your opinion," said the Bannerman of Berne, "not a man here will shrink from you. For me, I pleaded against my own inclinations when I advised you to avoid a breach with the Burgundian. But as a soldier, I must needs say, I would rather fight the garrison, were they double the number they talk of, in a fair field, than undertake to storm their defences."

"Nay," said the Landamman, "I sincerely hope we shall both enter and depart from the town of La Ferette, without deviating from the pacific character with which our mission from the Diet invests us."

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"It is your opinion," said the Baron, "not a man here will stir from you. For me, I pleaded against my own inclinations when I advised you to avoid a breach with the Burgundian. But as a soldier, I must needs say, I would rather fight the garnison, were they double the number they talk of, in a fair field, than undertake to storm their defence."

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